Dec. 26, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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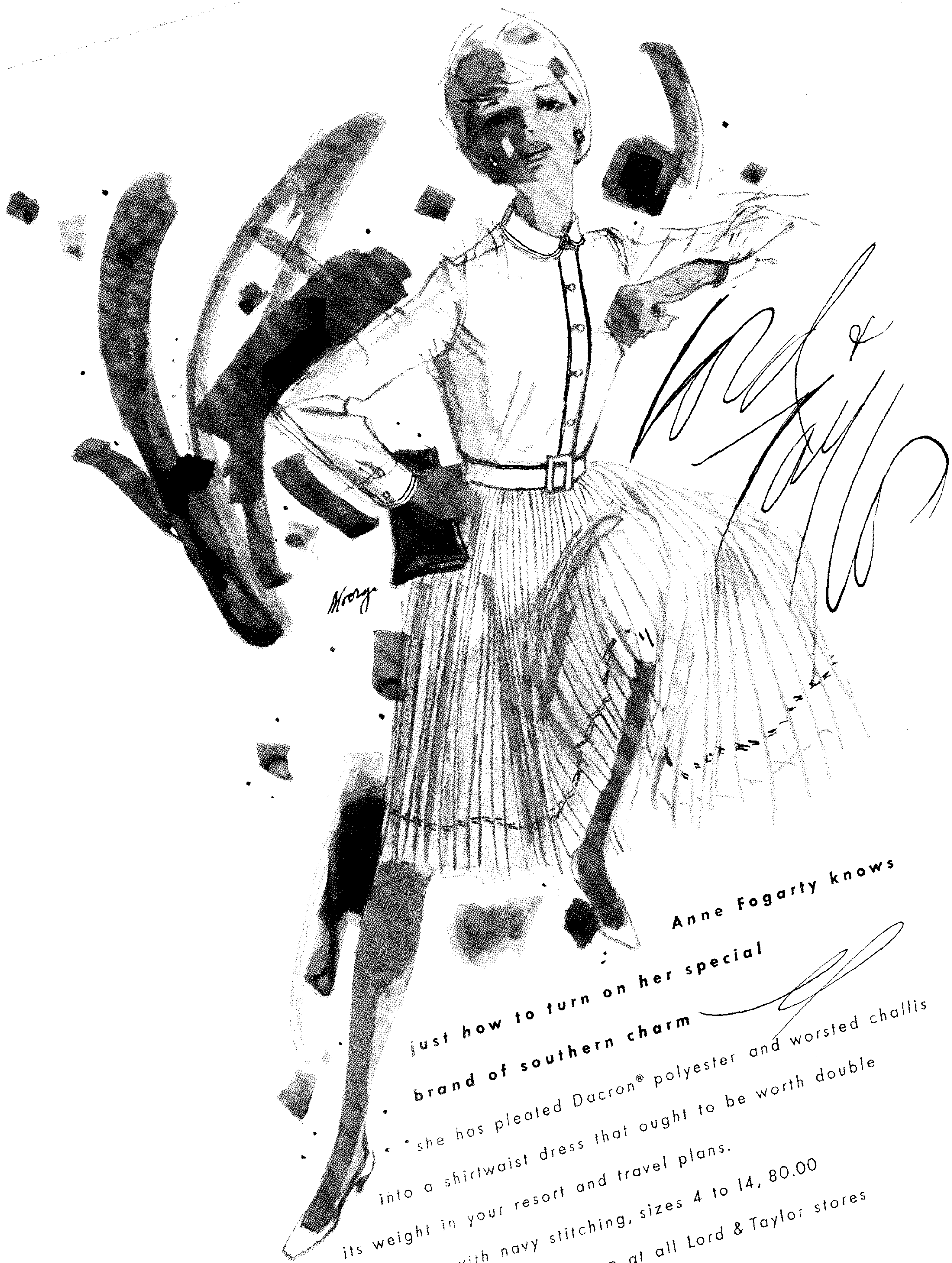

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Although it isn't long on plausibility, this comedy by Ira Wallach is full of bright moments as it describes the difficulties encountered by a far-out scientist and his family when, with a job in view, they pretend to be conformists. Fred Clark is utterly satisfactory as the job-seeker, and his associates in the enterprise are also meritorious. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas at 3.)

Alfie!—Terence Stamp, Juliet Mills, George S. Irving, and Margaret Courtenay in a London comedy by Bill Naughton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beyond the Fringe '65—A four-week return engagement of the English revue, with Donald Cullen, James Valentine, Robert Cessna, and Joel Fabiani. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Weekdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 9.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—Alan Bates as an English poet, resident in Greenwich Village, whose verse sells like hot cakes, who drinks like a fish, and who is temporarily having a hard time keeping his muse in action. Written by Jean Kerr, the comedy is slight but on occasion funny, and Mr. Bates's colleagues—Gene Hackman, Joanna Pettet, Joan Alexander, and Colgate Salsbury—are highly satisfactory. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ready When You Are, C. B.!—A dreary item about a young lady who rents her Riverside Drive rent-controlled apartment to a Hollywood Adonis for a high fee and then falls in love with him. Julie Harris is the female in the case, and Lou Antonio is the object of her desires. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A parcel of mixed-up characters in Greenwich Village. Gabriel Dell, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley are prominent in Lorraine Hansberry's play. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—Strange doings in a Brooklyn candy store when the proprietor, allegedly a former inmate of a concentration camp, is visited by a Negro youth whose talk is wild and a pregnant girl whose talk is wilder. The play, which is dishevelled, was written by William Hanley and directed by Joseph Anthony, and it features George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hughie—Jason Robards and Jack Dodson in Eugene O'Neill's two-character play, in its first presentation here. José Quintero is the director, and the producers are Theodore Mann and Joseph E. Levine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays through Sundays at 7 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always—this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As conceived by Jerome Chodorov, they are not very amusing; the music and lyrics, by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman, are not arresting; and only occasionally do the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—A funny, rueful, and satiric description of how some of the troops conducted themselves during the interminable stalemates of the First World War. Joan Littlewood has directed the cast with a fine-honed precision and a lot of ingenuity. The old war songs are still compelling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, ex-

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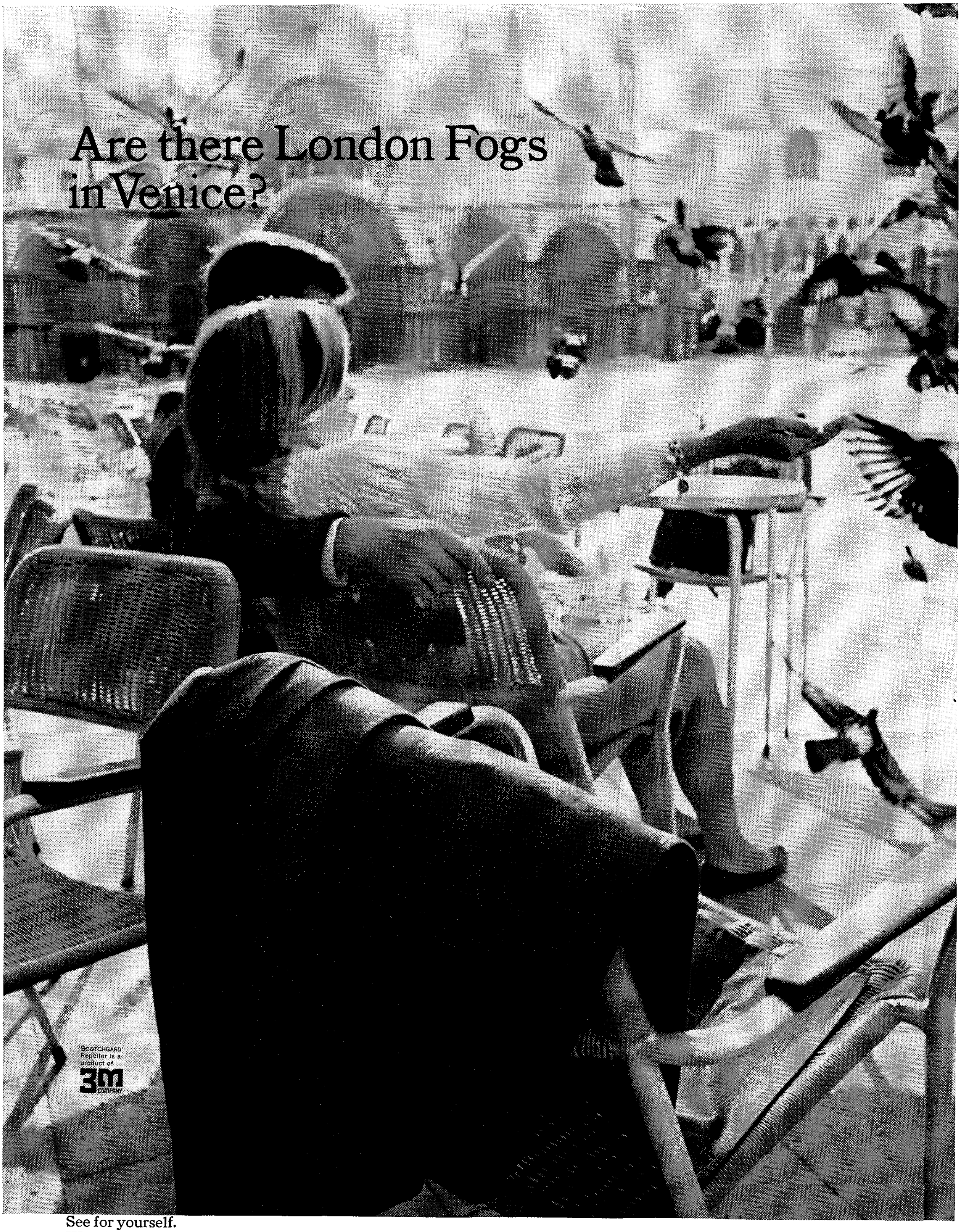
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Zizi—Described as a musical extravaganza, this importation from Paris has several blessings, among them Zizi Jeanmaire and an excellent corps de ballet. Roland Petit arranged the lively dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Nip-ups with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** The life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Tiny Alice—John Gielgud and Irene Worth in Edward Albee's new play. Directed by Alan Schneider. Previews through Monday, Dec. 28. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 29. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"Incident at Vichy," an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. A rather static play in which Mr. Miller seems bent on exposition rather than action. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25, at 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is likewise rather disappointing. Performances Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8; and Wednesday, Dec 30, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—A two-week holiday revival of Lerner and Loewe's "Brigadoon," with Peter Palmer, Linda Bennett, Scott McKay, Louise O'Brien, and Edward Villella. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

APA at the Phoenix—Shaw's "Man and Superman" is the first in a series of three plays by this exhilarating company. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. . . . ¶ Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in an English version by Robert David MacDonald, will be the second offering. Preview Christmas Eve at 8:30. Opening Monday, Jan. 11. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays at 8:15 and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:15.)

The Child Buyer—An adaptation by Paul Shyre of John Hersey's novel. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Christmas and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Mondays through Fridays—except New Year's Day—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays and New Year's Day at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Eve—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Helen—A play by Wallace Gray. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Mondays through Fridays—except Christmas Eve—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Her Master's Voice—Doro Merande in a revival of Clare Kummer's 1933 comedy. Preview Friday, Dec. 25, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 26. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Mondays through Fridays—except Christmas Eve—and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, Val Bisoglio, and Julius La Rosa are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Christmas—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Christmas at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On the Necessity of Being Polygamous—A Brazilian comedy by Silveira Sampaio, translated by Robert Campos. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays—except New Year's Eve—at 8:40, and Fridays—except New Year's Day—and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 7 and 10 and New Year's Day at 8:40.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's Emilia is one of its ups. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pictures in the Hallway—A three-week revival of Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, with Peggy Wood and Staats Cotsworth. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Mondays through Fridays—except Christmas Eve—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of bright, sharp satires about Eden and Hell, one of them set at the World's Fair and the other in Las Vegas. Will Holt is the author of both, and he has written some extremely effective songs for the second play. His cast does him proud. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays and New Year's Eve, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and 11:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Fridays—except New Year's Day—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker" is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3, after which the company will go into repertory. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 12:15 and 5:15, and Saturdays at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

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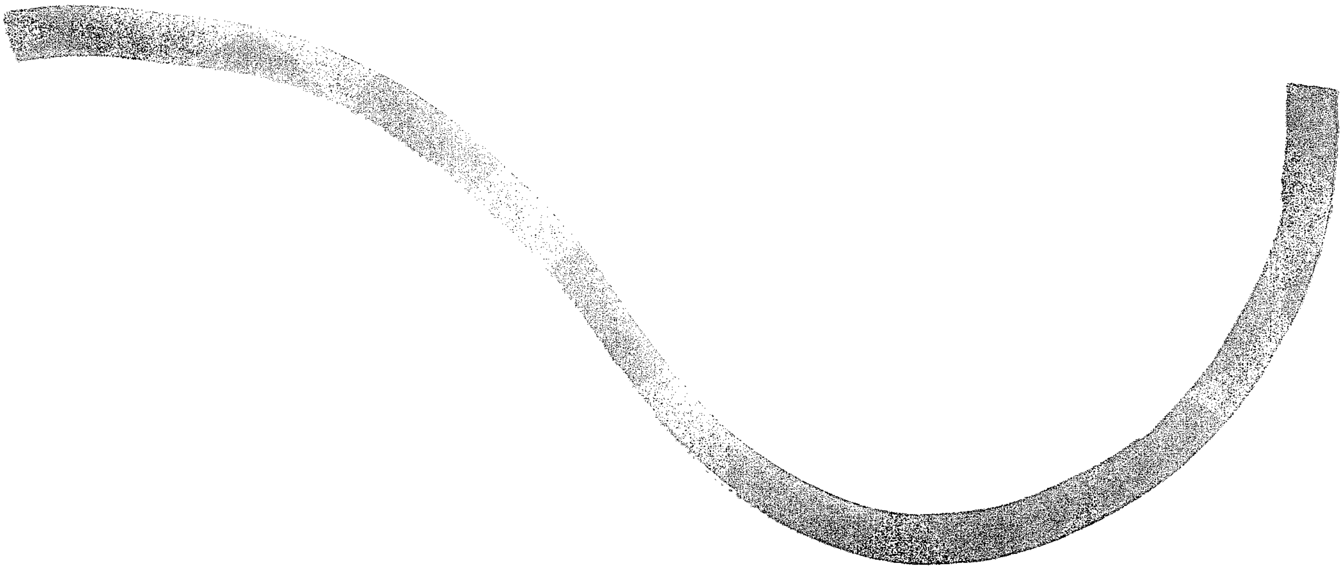

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Feb. 21. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Alba-Reyes Ballet Español—Maria Alba and Ramon de los Reyes with their company of dancers and musicians. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—A three-week engagement of three operas for adults. "The Abduction from the Seraglio": Saturday, Dec. 26; Wednesday, Dec. 30; and Saturday, Jan. 2, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Magic Flute": Sunday, Dec. 27, at 9, and Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Die Fledermaus": Monday, Dec. 28, and Thursday, Dec. 31, both at 8:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Closes Friday, Jan. 8.)

Princeton Triangle Club—A musical, "Grape Expectations," is this year's undergraduate production. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The flowering of a New England just now claimed for his Queen by John Mills, the London night-club entrepreneur. Colonials who cotton to the idea dance in the principal salon to music by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, among the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band, or in the Garrison to music that has been memorized by an I.B.M. computer. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—It's unlikely that this gold-and-plush example of the shipbuilder's art will float, but it is steady enough to make a dance floor. There, every evening but Sunday, Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers get to work at seven during the week, at eight-thirty Fridays, at nine Saturdays. They sound both gay-nineties and blasé-sixties.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, has now restored one of its important monuments—a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Mario Peralta and his bandonion, the outsize concertina which he earlier plies in this hotel's Place Lautrec, moves in at six-thirty, and is later displayed between dance sets. Curfew is at one, except on New Year's Eve. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night. Alex Geraldo, who chants to his own guitar, stays away on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the euphoric music of Mark Monte's adventurers and the sonorities of Emil Coleman's big band are interrupted at dinner and supper by the Barry Sisters, who are terribly given to song and talk, but guests can always walk the lobby while these ladies are on, and on. The Barrys appear only at ten on Christmas, and only at twelve-forty-five on New Year's Eve. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. New Year's Eve, the Edwardian Room will become a dance hall at ten. . . . ¶ At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert-and-drink sort of menu prevails until one. He stays home Sundays and Christmas Eve.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the chef sticks it out to the end.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To nail down its squatter's rights, Guy Lombardo's dance band will make another of its goodbye-forever appearances in the Grill from nine to three on New Year's Eve.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The orchestra of Peter Duchin, a copious cascade, and the group put together by Quintero, a truly noble Latin contingent, make sure that there is never a quiet moment in the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state. On New Year's Eve, though, customers will not be able to go on with the dance until ten. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger,* affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—If the Egyptian deities that are so prominent in the decorative scheme could only talk, what would they say of the *laissez-faire* dance festival in which the nation's youth (of all ages) indulges night after night? The music is canned but crisp, the evenings are long—eight to four.

Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic imagination. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hours with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine conservatory of music that is lenient toward sounds that are not at all of Italian extraction—such as bits and pieces of "My Fair Lady," the current heroine of the tiny operetta company now in residence. Dancing, too, Thursday through Saturday every week. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, dean of the drawing-room pianists, does lightning arabesques that never strike twice in the same place. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails (except on Christmas, when the place will not open up until eight) through dinner, and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are the Short sidemen. On New Year's Eve, there will also be dance music, beginning at eleven. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day. . . . **THE LATE EDITION,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Home is the rover Hugh Shannon, home from the sea (Capri), the Sound (Bridgehampton), and the Continent to play his steady-footed barroom piano and to sing those big, bouncy, never-to-be-taken-seriously ballads. He is served at ten, along with supper, and he carries on until early morn. Tuesdays are his holidays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Ten-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays and Christmas Eve. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): The new winter haven for Ralph Strain, whose piano dwells fondly on the very best days of wine and roses. Seven-thirty until two is his course of events. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. On New Year's Eve, a dance trio will be added at ten. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita,* and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the troupe of strolling musicians. Closed Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, the guitar of José Luis Franco dwells upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Eight until very late is his schedule. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of the guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays; closed on Christmas. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd

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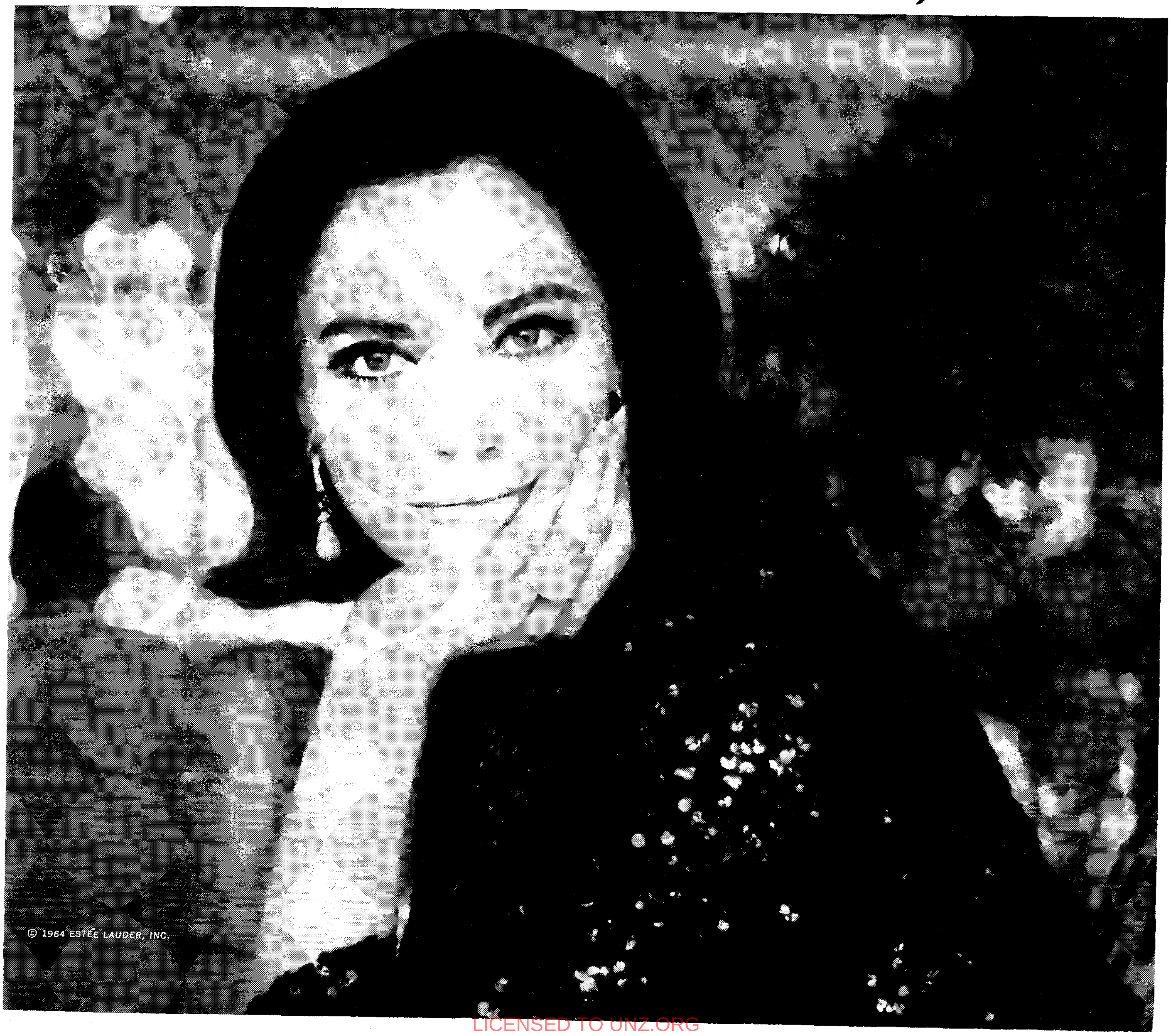

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays; closed on Christmas Eve and Christmas. New Year's Eve, there will be dancing from ten o'clock on. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. On Christmas the conflagration will run from one to nine, on New Year's Day from four to nine. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after eight-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Mario Peralta, who later moves on to the Hilton's Seven Hills, operates his bandonion every so often from six to ten. Closed Sundays, Christmas, New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Daphne Hellman performs on Tuesdays, and Gladys Hubner is in charge of the instrument every other night. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Armando, who ran a famous hideaway in the Golden Era of night life, is now concerned with this current restaurant, and so is Bunty Pendleton, another Golden Era holdover, who plays bouncy piano and sings bouncy words from six to eight and from ten to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed, from eight-thirty until one or two, by George Feyer. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio sounds off now and then. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The little bar-and-grill is elbowroom enough for Tony Garody to perform his precise and panegyric piano études, which he does off and on between six and one-thirty every evening but Monday; Enzio Lembo's guitar commences at nine-thirty every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients, too—the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire, the wordless witticisms of George Matson's mimicry of female types who are too much with us, the leaps-for-life ballet of the Bal Caron troupe, the sturdy Britishness of the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Dancing for the guests, too. Private parties on Mondays, and just one performance—at midnight—on New Year's Eve. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Norm Crosby, a point-blank talker, is a dealer in oft-told tales; Lou Monte, up from the recording studios, is an experienced chanter of songs whose gag lines will baffle only the few of us who are not skilled at Italian argot. The eight Copa showgirls intervene now and again. New Year's Eve, the two run-throughs, at eleven-thirty and two-thirty, will also involve Sammy Davis, who has the strength (and decibels) of ten. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The legendary heroes of the Duke Ellington band—Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, the Duke himself, and all the rest—are displaying their prowess every night but Sunday, and our cup and Basin Street East runneth over with their sound.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In prankish parables and Damascus-steel poesy, "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the latest and maybe the greatest Julius Monk revue, makes burnt offerings and burnt effigies of very nearly all the people and problems that beset the admirers of civilization. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty; New Year's Eve, though, the second showing is at midnight. Closed Sundays and Christmas Eve. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Feet first (the credo of all flamenco performers) is the rule here as the back-room floor resists the hard knocks of a myriad Sevillian heels. The seemly uproar takes place twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The customers dine on many other things. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best moments of "The Game Is Up," the revue that lives here, involve R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer are likewise never becalmed by the occasional doldrums in the script. It happens at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays and Christmas Eve. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," the joint effort of half a dozen young, earnest, but not wholly efficacious Britishers, makes some points and misses some. Ray Bryant's trio inserts some dapper jazz. The plan of attack is most nights at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Mondays not at all. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Oscar Brown, Jr., no ardent admirer of a world he never made, writes songs about how he feels about it and sings them very, very well. He's there at nine every night but Monday, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

Judith Shahn

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Art Farmer, whose horn gives honest thought and honest measure to whatever it essays, has a quartet in action; Mose Allison's threesome is in close attendance. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, forthright and formidable defenders of the faith in Irish song, are drifting toward Americanization, but they are still to be listened to without stint. Also on hand: Letta M'bulo, a fine and strapping South African soprano with a will and a way, plus the quartet of Thelonious Monk, whose piano is at the moment a curious mixture of majesty and matter-of-fact. New Year's Eve, the picnic will start as early as six, and there will be dancing, too. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds a fairly fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. Mike Settle, whose own native state is Oklahoma, and the Bitter End Singers do well by it. Dick Cavett, a newly sprung wit, does the talking. Tuesdays are given over to visitors. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with a band headed by Max Kaminsky (Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, and Jake Hanna are components), not to mention Red Allen's blasters. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): On New Year's Eve, Woody Herman's latest Herd will be taking over from the bands of Dizzy Gillespie and Gerry Mulligan; i.e., a reversion from the present to the past. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest (the seventeen-thousandth) changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—moves John Coltrane's tenacious group out on Thursday, Dec. 24, and inserts the artful counterplay of the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet the next evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by Peanuts Hucko, who has a constantly varying assortment of fellow-sympathizers at work with him (Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman should be participating). Dancing. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Teddy Wilson's steady, sure-footed, cheerful threesome rolls on in even tenor, and

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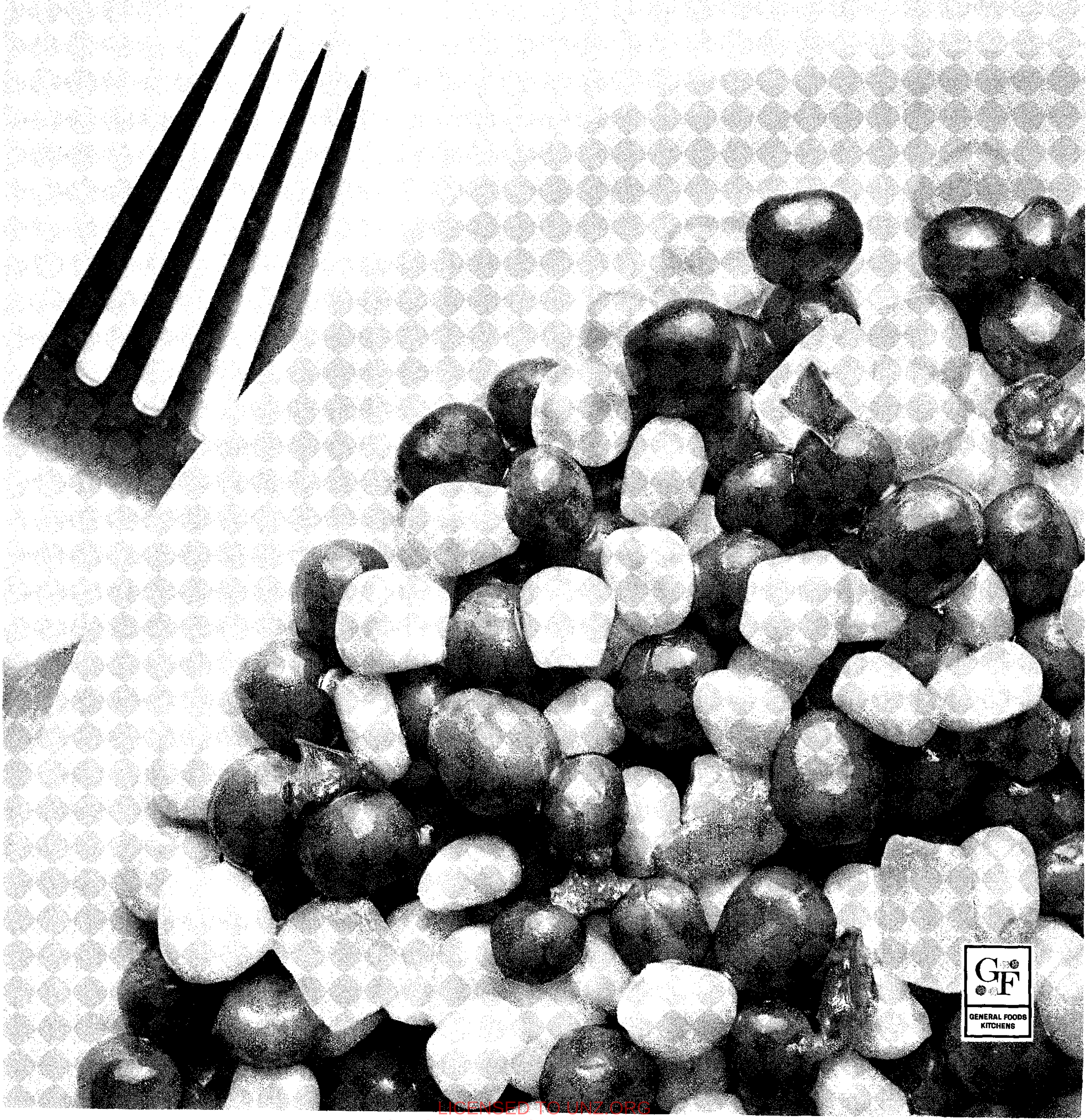

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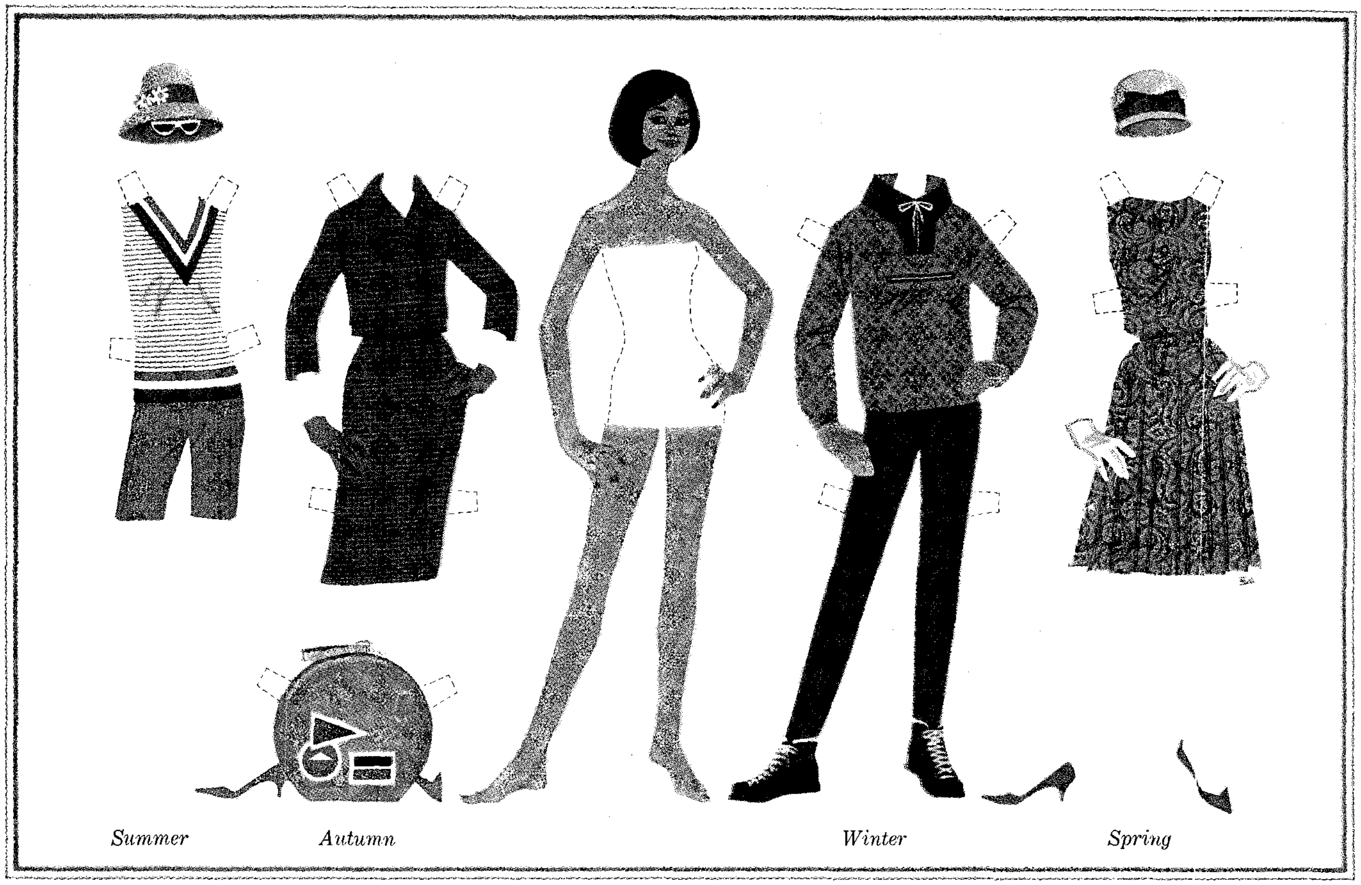
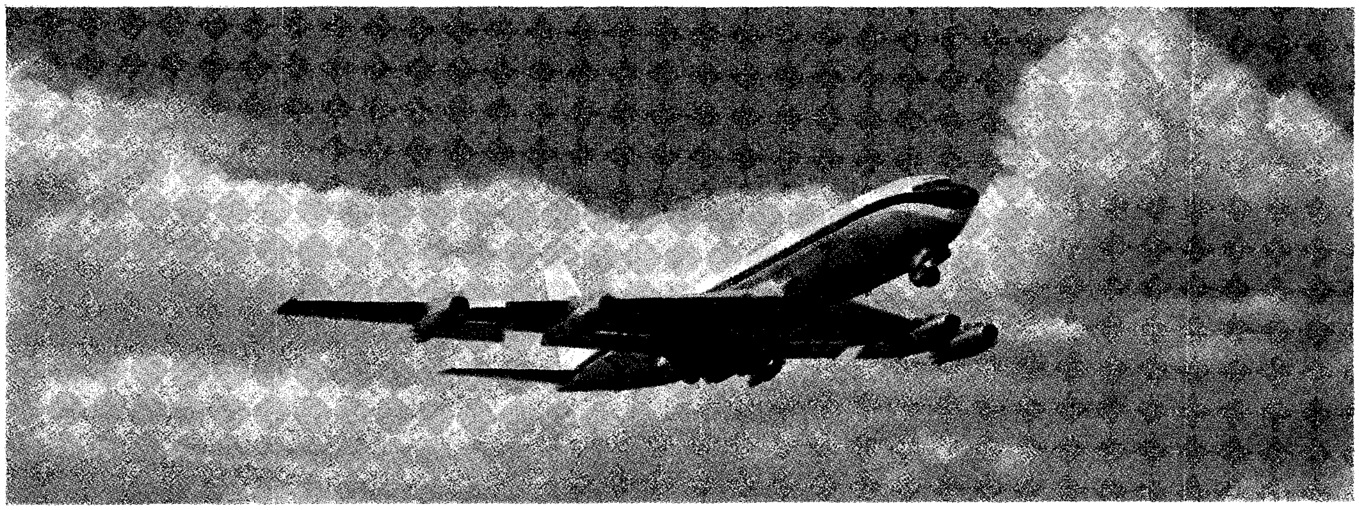


Pick a season…



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the quartet of Roland Kirk, a triple-threat man who blows three horns at once, brings up the rear. The two bands are around every night but Monday, when Larry Rivers and the every-man-for-himself Upper Bohemia Six take charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy complexities make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. No music Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate period-piece dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays a different band plays for a more informal evening with Twisting, turning, and other such ephemera. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual involutions to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris, for whom this nineteenth-century bar-and-grill is a proper setting, has seven men recalling yesteryear, and with vigor. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

Max Beckmann—An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Fritz Bultman—Abstract paintings and sculptures; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Albert Christ-Janer—Semi-abstract watercolors of landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Cole (1801-48)—American and European landscapes, mostly early; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Edgar Degas—Nine monotypes of landscapes; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Elaine de Kooning—Portraits and sketches of President Kennedy; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Emlen Etting—Drawings done over the past twenty-five years; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Kallem—Semi-abstract and abstract sculptures in welded metal and found objects; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Collage-assemblages; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Matta—Bronzes by this Paris artist better known for his paintings; through Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses—Paintings; through Jan. 9. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Henry V. Poor—Paintings, drawings, and ceramics; through Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Maria Potocka—Watercolors by a Polish artist; through Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Stein—Figures and flowers; through Jan. 12. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Pavel Tchelitchew—Drawings, dating from 1927 to the late forties; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Francisco Toledo—Watercolors and oils by a Mexican Indian who lives in Paris; through Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ian Woodner—Watercolors; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

The Sculptor and the Architect—Elevations, blueprints, photomurals, drawings, and models of sculptures illustrating how sculptors and architects (such as Harry Bertoia, Minoru Yamasaki, Antoni Gaudí, George Rickey, and Victor Gruen) work together; through Jan. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americana—An exhibition of weathervanes, music boxes, paintings, trade signs, decoys, decorative eagles, and toys of the last century, from the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays; closes Thursday, Dec. 24, at noon.)

African Art—"Old African Tribal Sculptures," an exhibit containing masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, ivory, and brass) used in religious and magical ceremonies; through Jan. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and others; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Fannie Hillsmith, Reginald Pollack, and Stanley Bleifeld; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Three Generations," a loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures covering the period from Brancusi and 1910 Cubism through Abstract Expressionism to pop art; through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Old-master drawings (late fifteenth to early nineteenth century) by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Piranesi, Ruskin, and G. F. Watts; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs by four members of the Cobra group—Pierre Alechinsky, Corneille, Asger Jorn, and Henry Heerup; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE**, 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Giacometti, Henry Moore, and other modern masters; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition

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of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations beginning with anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts and ending with prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibition is the Beckmann showing at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Francesco Bassano's "Adoration of the Shepherds," painted between 1580 and 1590, on loan for the Christmas season from the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—"Robert Henri and His Circle," an exhibit celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, in which his paintings are supplemented by those of, among others, George Bellows, William Glackens, and George Luks; through Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Marsh, marking the tenth anniversary of his death; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ A survey of paintings (1928-64) by the French artist Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Sunday, Dec. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 8; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Shaped Canvas," consisting of twenty-six paintings by Paul Feeley, Sven Lukin, Richard Smith, Frank Stella, and Neil Williams; through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Art Israel: Twenty-six Painters and Sculptors," a travelling exhibit of works by contemporary Israeli artists; through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Drawings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne; through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Jan. 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5. Will be closed from Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1, through Saturday, Dec. 26, and also New Year's Day.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Amusements" is the name of a show made up of toys, constructions, books, figures, dolls, paintings, and other things to look at and play with; through Jan. 17. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Santos–The Religious Folk Art of New Mexico," an exhibition of sculptures and paintings on loan from the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center; through Jan. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture from the Collection of Jay C. Leff," a display of objects from more than thirty West African tribes. There are antelope headpieces of the Bambara, Ashanti brass figures, Benin court jewelry, and Senufo and Dogon masks. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, John Alexander, Anselmo Colzani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Judith Raskin, Otto Edelmann, Marko Rothmuller, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: "Falstaff," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Regina Resnik, Jeanette Scovotti, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Biserka Cvejic, Lucine Amara, Janis Martin, Nicolai Gedda, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Janis Martin, Dimiter Uzunov, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Judith Raskin, Otto Edelmann, Marko Rothmuller, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Lili Chookasian, Teresa Stratas, George London, John Alexander, Donald Gramm, and Morley Meredith. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Manon," with Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Judith Raskin, Teresa Stratas, Gladys Kriese, Giorgio Tozzi, Hermann Prey, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

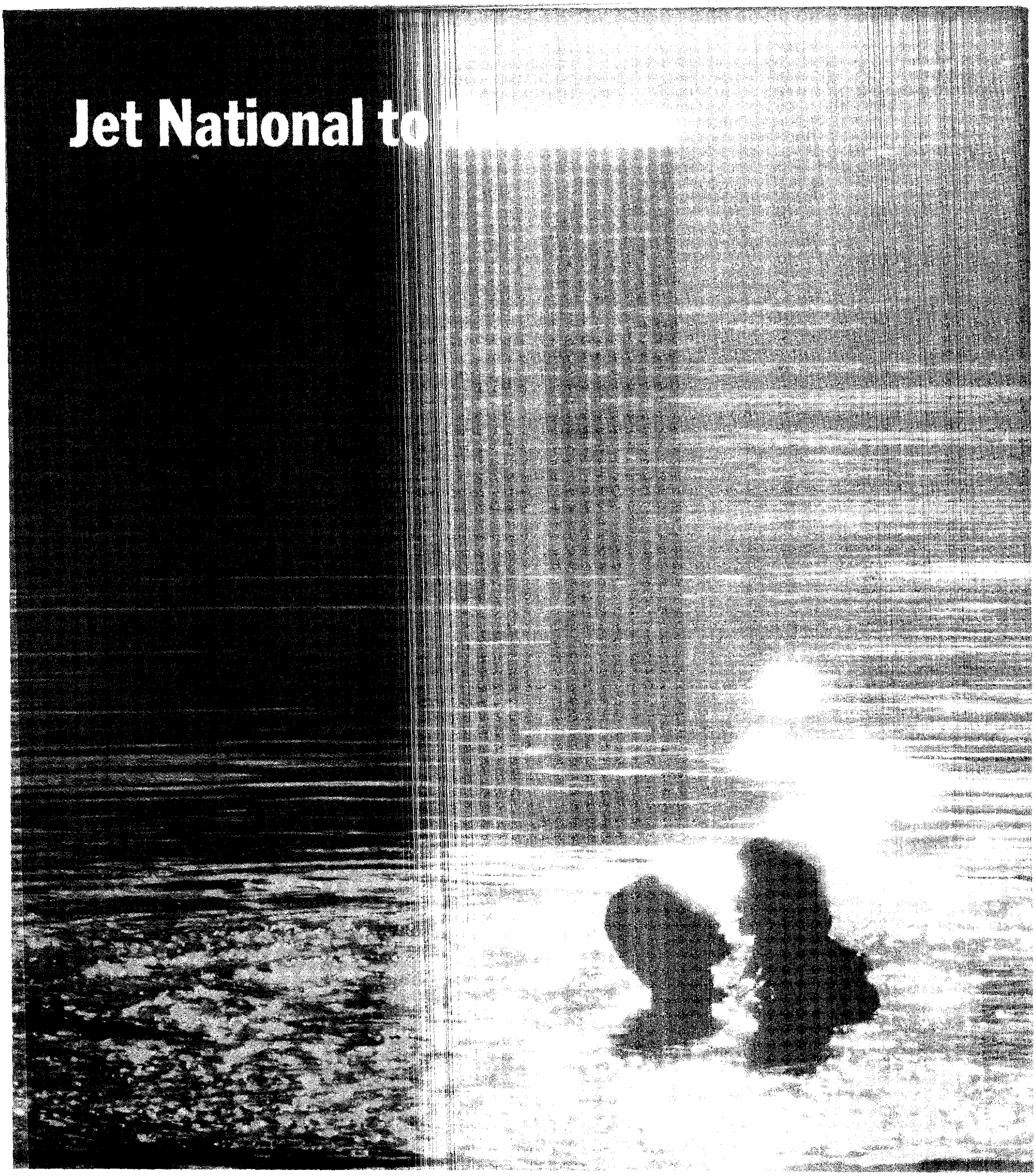
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, when Thomas Schippers will conduct, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Kimio Eto, koto player. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

CHRISTMAS EVE CONCERT—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Dvořák program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

NEW YORK CHRISTMAS MUSIC FESTIVAL—Brian Priestman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra in a Vivaldi-Pergolesi program, with Marilyn Tyler, soprano, and Maureen Forrester, contralto. The last in a series of programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.)

THE PLAY OF DANIEL—The second of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of fifty includes singers, actors, and players on medieval instruments. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 30, and Friday,



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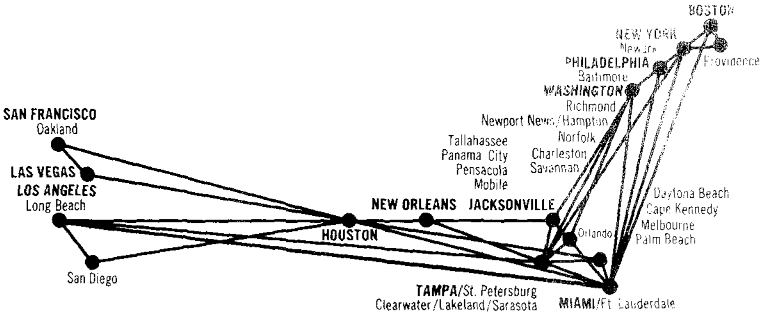
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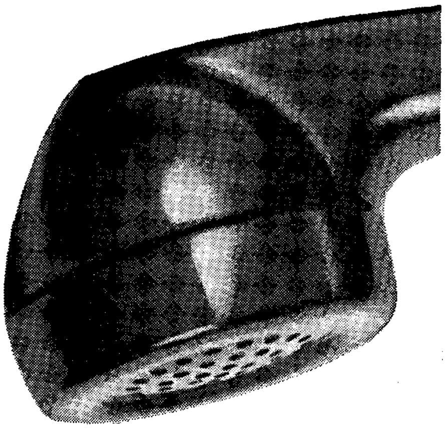

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RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Tony Bennett and Woody Herman's band. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Herbie Mann's septet and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 25, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: *Knicks* vs. San Francisco.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 26, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

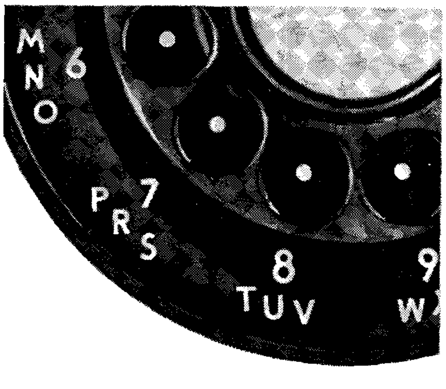
Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY**: "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 26, and Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Babes in Toyland," Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 2:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Final children's performances of a three-week engagement. "*Rumpelstiltskin,*" *Thursday*, Dec. 24, at 1; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 4; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 5; Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 1 and 4; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1 and 4; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 1 and 4; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 5. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Stage Shows—By the **JAN HUS CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and also Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 2:30, plus Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 1.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES**: "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Dec. 26, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday through Thursday, Dec. 26-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturday through Thursday, Dec. 26-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PENCIL BOX PRODUCTIONS**: "Fee Fi Fo Fum." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays at 1 and 3; Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 2; Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 12 and 2; and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**:



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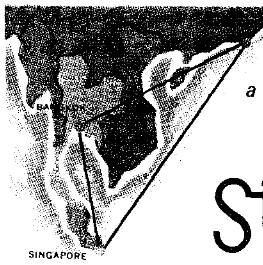

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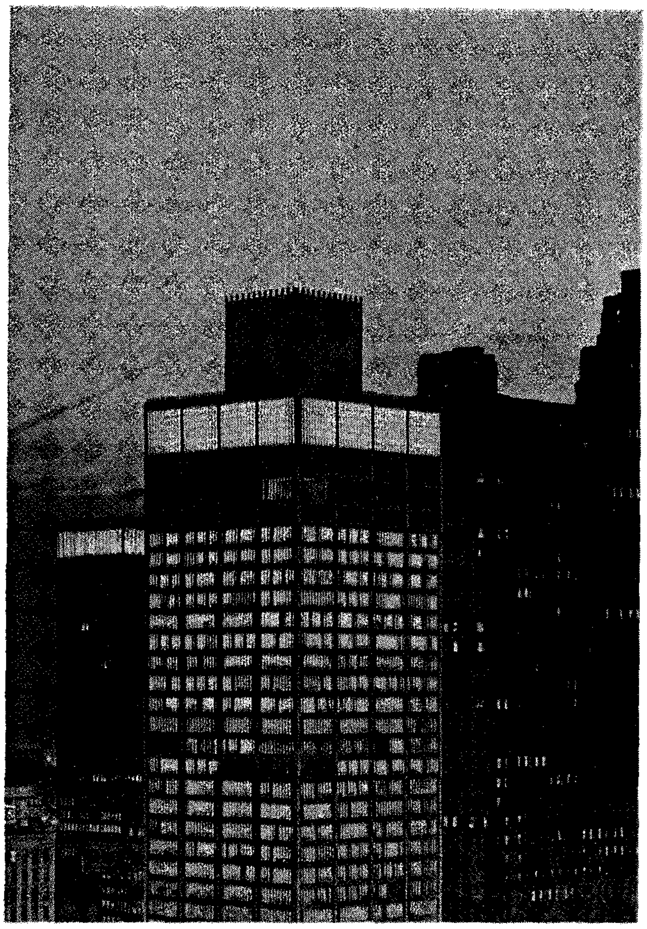

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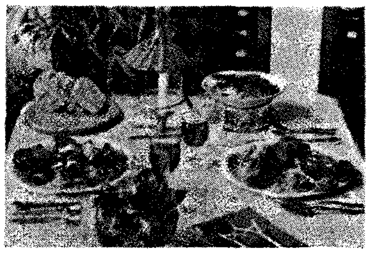

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Jack and the Beanstalk." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Saturday, Dec. 26, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 28-Jan. 2, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30; Sundays at 12:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30, plus Sunday and Monday, Dec. 27-28; Wednesday, Dec. 30; and New Year's Day, all at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays and also Tuesday, Dec. 29, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 3, plus Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Cinderella," Monday, Dec. 28, at 3. . . . ¶ "Robin Hood," Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 3. . . . ¶ "The Secret Treasure Room," Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 11. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Thursday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "Santa Visits Goofer." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Skies of Christmas Past." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Christmas at 1, 2:30, and 4; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 28, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—At the **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** "Yanco," a Mexican film. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 24; Thursday, Dec. 31; and Saturday, Jan. 2, all at 2:30.) . . . **TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET THEATRE:** "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," with James Stewart and Maureen O'Hara. A benefit performance. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Monday, Dec. 28, at 10.) . . . **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY:** "White Wilderness," a Walt Disney nature film, Monday, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ "The Vanishing Prairie," another Walt Disney nature film, Tuesday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ "Denmark, Fairytale Land," "This Is Finland," and "Top of Europe;" Wednesday, Dec. 30. (Central Park W. at 77th St. Afternoons at 2. Admission is free.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY:** "Saludos Amigos," a Walt Disney animated cartoon, and "Christmas Through the Ages." (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 1:30 and 2:45. Admission is free.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every weekday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Christmas and New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25, and New Year's Day.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; Dec. 24.)

Fail Safe—This serious version of the "Dr. Strangelove" theme is a first-rate thriller, with Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 30, evening performances only.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Dec. 24.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Dec. 25.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings Sundays through Fridays at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 24.)

The Soft Skin—François Truffaut's compassionate examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress, all of whom behave as well as they can but with sorry consequences. Starring Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorleac. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 25.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 27.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 24.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 25-26.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 27-28.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Dec. 24.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 24.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 29-30.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 25-27.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 24.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 24.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 25-26.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 25-28.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 25-28.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 25.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Dec. 27.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 24.)

Swing Time (1936)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing away to Kern tunes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 27-28.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder"—Through Dec. 26: "Midnight" (1939), with Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. . . . ¶ Dec. 27-30: "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), with Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Thursday, Dec. 24, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. The Museum will be closed on Christmas.)

Albert Hubbell

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Daily at 2, 5:15, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 29: "The Disorderly Orderly," Jerry Lewis.
From Dec. 30: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Dec. 24: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From Dec. 25: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Dec. 24: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Dec. 28: "The Naked General" (in Japanese).
From Dec. 29: "The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE PUMPKIN EATER.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Dec. 24: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Dec. 25: **TOPKAPI.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 29 (tentative): "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Ladies Who Do," revival, Robert Morley.
Dec. 28-30 (afternoons only): "Santa Claus Conquers the Martians," John Call.
From Dec. 30 (evening only): **FAIL SAFE**; and "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Dec. 24: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Dec. 25: "Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Rattle of a Simple Man," Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
GOLDFINGER.

RKO
PALACE
RKO PALACE
GIFT

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Dec. 24: **BECKET.**
From Dec. 25: To be announced.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"World Without Sun," another Jacques-Yves Cousteau documentary on life in the ocean depths. With an English narration.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Dec. 24: **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival; and "What Ever Happened To Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.
Dec. 25-27: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
Dec. 28: "Genevieve," revival, John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Dec. 29: "The Lost World," revival, Michael Rennie, Jill St. John; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders.
Dec. 30: "The Fly," revival, David Hedison; and "The Incredible Shrinking Man," revival, Grant Williams.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Guns of August," a documentary film on the First World War.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Dec. 24: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 25: **TOPKAPI.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 29 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
Dec. 28-30 (afternoons only): "Santa Claus Conquers the Martians," John Call.
Dec. 30 (evening only): To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Dec. 24: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
From Dec. 25: **TOPKAPI.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 29: "The Disorderly Orderly," Jerry Lewis; and "The Five Pennies," revival, Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.
From Dec. 30: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 27: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From Dec. 28: "Nine Days of One Year" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Dec. 24: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.
From Dec. 25: **TOPKAPI.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE SOFT SKIN (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 29: "First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries; and "Ride the Wide Surf," Fabian, Tab Hunter.
From Dec. 30: "The Disorderly Orderly," Jerry Lewis; and "The Five Pennies," revival, Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES; and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).

23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 30: "Youngblood Hawke," James Franciscus, Suzanne Pleshette; and "Ready for the People," Anne Helm, Everett Sloane.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 24: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
From Dec. 25: **MARY POPPINS.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

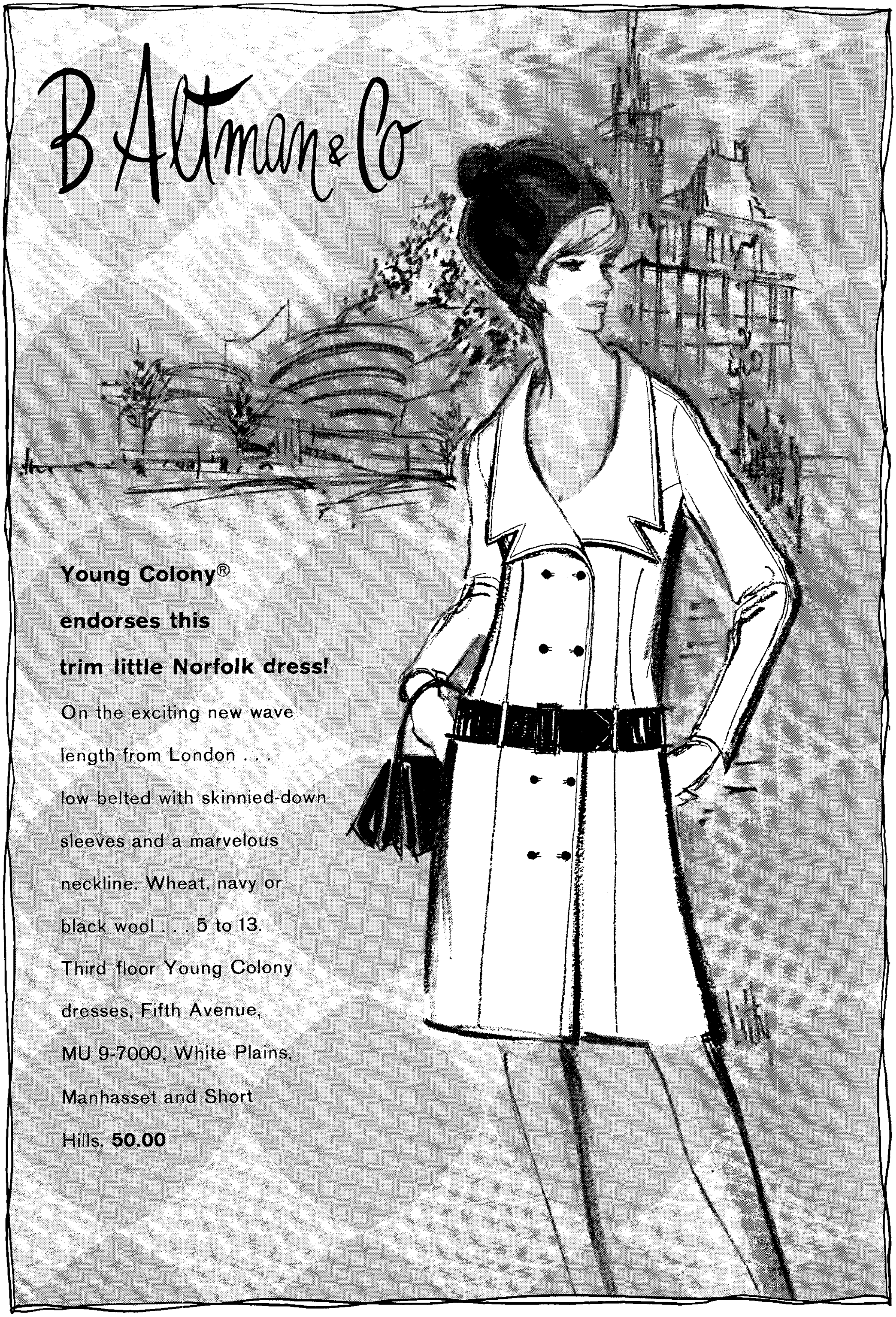
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Dec. 26: "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From Dec. 27: "Sweet and Sour" (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 24: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.
Dec. 25-26: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **DUCK SOUP**, revival.
Dec. 27-28: **SWING TIME**, revival; and **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival.
Dec. 29-30: **THE LADY EVE**, revival; and "Christmas in July," revival, Ellen Drew, Dick Powell.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Dec. 24: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **HUD**, revival.
From Dec. 25: **TOPKAPI**; and **ON THE DOUBLE**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 24: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
Dec. 25-28: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival.
From Dec. 29: "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES; and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE WORLD NOTE: For the Christmas season, Aux Grands Magasins du Louvre, in Paris, has put up large indoor and outdoor signs describing the store's holiday activities as a Cadeaurama.

Wrapping It Up

WE have just had a conversation with a businessman who devotes all his energies to one day of the year—Christmas. He is Mr. Joseph Katz, of Pittsburgh, founder and president of the Papercraft Corporation, which is one of the largest manufacturers of Christmas gift wrappings in the country. “We concentrate on Christmas because eighty per cent of all gift wrappings are sold for this single day,” Mr. Katz told us. “The average American family spends around two hundred dollars on Christmas presents and between five and ten dollars on tying them up. This gives us a gift-wrap market of about a hundred and seventy-seven million dollars for one twenty-four-hour period every year. If everything I produced *didn't* go up in smoke on December 26th, I'd be mighty worried.”

Mr. Katz—a short, cheerful man who will be fifty-two Christmas Day—had received us in the living room of his apartment in the Hotel Pierre, which also contained Louis XVI furniture, modern art, ringing telephones, and Mrs. Katz, a tiny and very pretty blonde. While Mr. Katz was dealing with an urgent phone call, Mrs. Katz showed us through the apartment, pointing out in rapid succession a Utrillo, a Dufy, a Dali, a de Chirico, a Buffet, and paintings by a number of less eminent artists. “Joe picks up something nearly every time he goes to Europe,” she said, “and now he's building a plant near Brussels, so I expect we'll be running out of wall space very shortly.”

When we got back to Mr. Katz, a few minutes later, he informed us that choosing the designs to cover at least a billion Christmas presents could be quite as nerve-racking as choosing paintings for a private collection. “The gift-wrap industry is still more of an art than a science,” he said. “Despite all the technical innovations in printing and merchandising, the success or failure of a line is essentially a gamble on one man's taste. You run a business like this by feel. You *have* to have an instinct for what the public wants, because the product is mass-produced. Let's just say that I'm concerned with decorating on paper in order to communicate with people.”

Mr. Katz went on to inform us that gift wrapping has a very long history. “It can be traced back to the thirteenth century,” he said. “Members of the English Court then exchanged presents wrapped in fine silks or woollens. In seventeenth-century France, gift wrapping became an art; presents were enclosed in enamelled or porcelain ‘friendship boxes’—now collectors' items—or wrapped in heavy paper that was decorated with elaborate drawings or paintings. The modern gift-wrap industry really got started during the depression, when people wanted to make necessities—shoes, warm clothing, food—look like Christmas presents. Before that, the average gift wrap was a piece of white tissue tied with red string. Today, there is such a variety of papers and ribbons that white accounts for only five per cent of the market.”

Mr. Katz explained that modern gift wrappings fall into two basic categories—standard decorated papers and foils. “Foils are sheets of aluminum beaten to the thickness of a human hair and bonded to pieces of treated paper,” he said. “They are on their way up, because they provide a richly embossed surface, unusual depth of color in the design, and a nice metallic sheen.” Leafing through a copy of his catalogue, he showed us some samples—a glowing green foil decorated with feathery gold Christmas trees, a pale-gray metallic paper etched with outlines of Christmas ornaments, a gleaming gold sheet with a raised design of multicolored snowflakes. “Perhaps our main contribution to the industry has been to take these elaborate foils out of the luxury class by making them available in drugstores, discount houses, even gas stations,” Mr. Katz said. “Gift wraps are one of the few consumer items that have been getting steadily cheaper. Ten years ago, you would have paid a quarter for two sheets of paper twenty by thirty inches. Today, you get about nine times as much paper for twice the cost.”

We asked Mr. Katz how he selected the designs for his papers.

“Christmas brings out the conservative in us all,” he said. “There are just about a dozen possible basic subjects in this business, and the problem we face every year is to update them by using offbeat colors and unusual artistic treatment. If we go to something too different—the dove of peace, for example—people balk; they want one of the standard symbols. I've been wanting to represent well-known paintings, like the ‘Mona Lisa,’ on our papers for years, but I'm not at all sure our public is ready for such a step. The trend is toward the traditional at the moment, but we have to plan several years ahead, so we're testing an avant-garde paper—a high-style Santa with a mauve background—for possible use in 1966. For some reason that nobody understands, consumer taste in gift wraps in Texas and southern California is from two to four years ahead of the taste in the rest of the country. Our designs are tested in those two areas, as unobtrusively as possible, and if the ladies like them, we put them into mass production."

Mr. Katz added that Papercraft guards its new designs from competitors the way Detroit guards its new cars. "There's a lot of commercial espionage in gift wrapping," he said, "and for this reason we rarely exhibit until the presses are actually rolling."

Mr. Katz's telephones began to ring insistently, and we decided that it was time to say goodbye.

Short Measure

A SUBURBAN third-grader who is being exposed to a history course for the first time voiced a complaint about the subject to her father the other day. "Nobody lives more than two pages," she said.

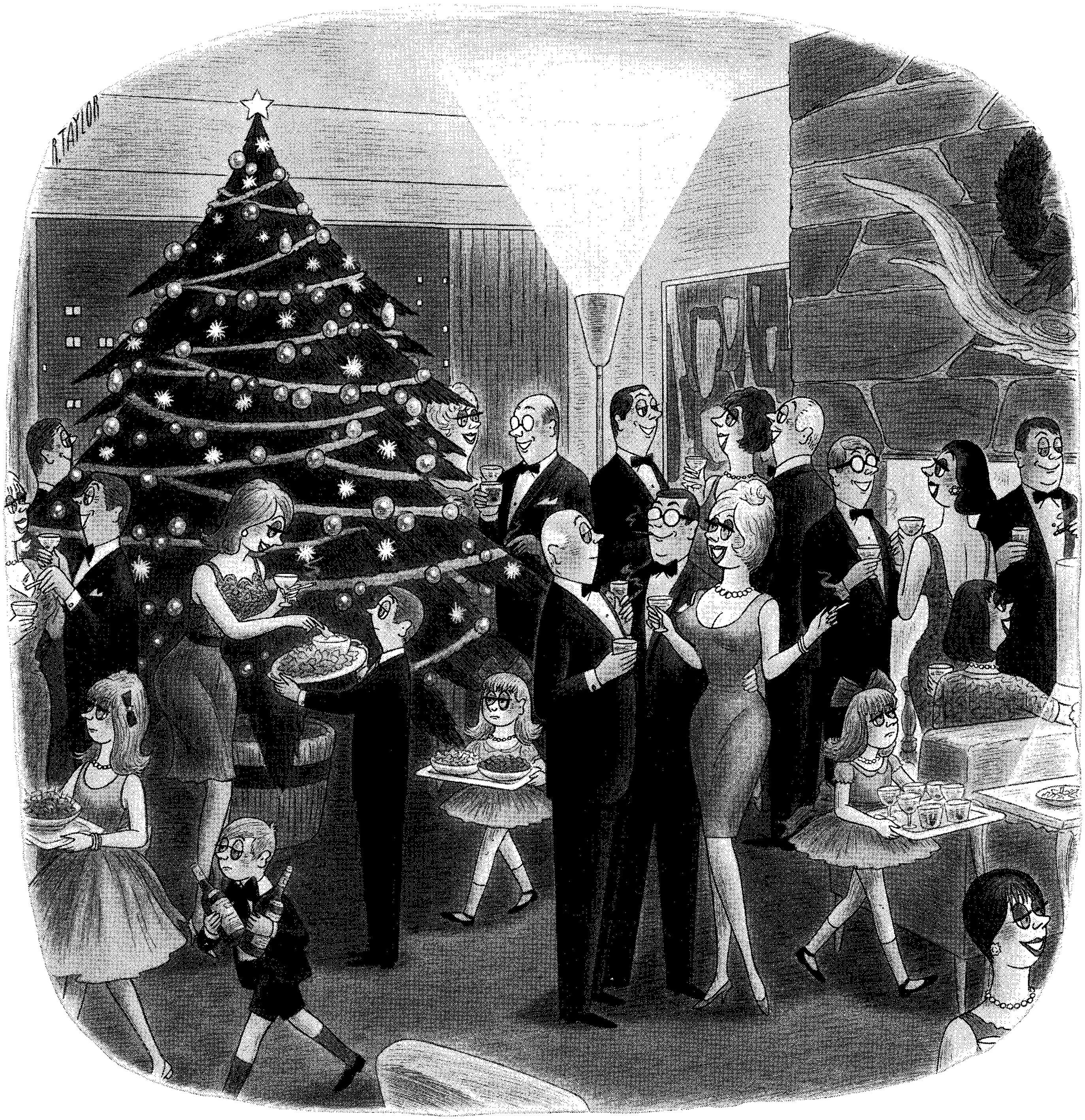
Backstage

ONE of our clearest childhood memories is of being taken to see the Christmas show at the Radio City Music Hall. We were greatly impressed, and when we came away, our head was swimming with fantasies of singing and dancing, of animals and acrobats, and of all sorts of illuminated Christmas trees. Late one afternoon last week, with these memories crowding our mind, we went to see this year's show from backstage. Arriving half an hour before the six-o'clock stage show, we were directed to the Fiftieth Street stage entrance, past a desk at which a doorman was sitting, and into an elevator, which whisked us down to stage level. When we stepped out, we found ourself right on the stage, and had a momentary vision of standing, unprepared to perform, in front of an audience of six thousand people. We were reassured by the familiar voice of Cary Grant, emanating from somewhere in front of the huge movie screen, which safely separated us from the audience. The stage itself resembled an oversized basketball court and had a blue-green surface, with cracks in it showing where sections of it could be moved up and down. Except for some white artificial Christmas trees arranged carefully along two walls, it was bare, spotless, and forlorn. Making our way to a corridor at one side of the stage, we looked into a large room and thought we could see a camel. We looked closer and discovered not only that it really was a camel, whose name turned out to be Sadie, but also that there were two donkeys, three sheep, and a small lamb, whose name was Lamb Chop. They were all being supervised by a short, bearded man, who told us that *his* name was Frank Habres and that he was from the Hunt Brothers Animal Farm. Mr. Habres added that Sadie was thirteen years old and that Hunt Brothers would be glad to rent us any kind of animal we might need. We were going to pursue the matter, but a deep voice announced over a loudspeaker, "Twenty minutes to the Nativity."

We quickly moved to a vantage point near the stage manager's control board, from which the various curtains of the stage are operated. There we were joined by pretty girls wearing shepherds' robes, who immediately started doing knee bends. A minute or so later, up came Alice, the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare, who sing and dance the introductions to the part of the show that follows the pageant of the Nativity. We asked Alice, whose name really is Alice—Alice Cannon—which of the shepherds were Rockettes and which were members of the Corps de Ballet. She told us that the Rockettes wear ballet shoes and the ballet girls wear toe shoes. A buzzer sounded, and a stage manager carrying a portable microphone announced, "Five to show." A solemn documentary voice was saying from the screen, out front, "In many lands, the Christmas celebration revolves around the decorated trees."

At six o'clock to the second, the great organ began playing Christmas music, and the stage manager called, "Watch the sheet!" Everybody gazed at the movie screen, which rose, revealing the lowered main curtain. At two minutes past six, the buzzer sounded again, the orchestra began playing "Silent Night," the curtain went up on a scrim, and a Rockette (ballet shoes) led a donkey past us onto the stage. She was followed by the Wise Men, the shepherds and their sheep, and some girls carrying wooden spears and shields. Among them we spotted Mr. Habres, dressed in a shepherd's robe and leading Sadie slowly across the stage. The orchestra played "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," and the scrim went up, revealing the Nativity scene to the audience.

At ten minutes past six, the main curtain was lowered, the stage manager said "Strike," and Alice and her companions walked out to the edge of the stage to introduce the rest of the show, which we could see flashes of from where we stood. It began with the Corps de Ballet, in bright-gold Christmas costumes, doing a lively dance. When they came by us on their way off, one of the girls said, "Boy, were we terrible!" Two solo adagio dancers next took the stage, and at six-twenty the buzzer sounded and the Corps de Ballet reappeared to do a brief number with them. Meanwhile, the Rockettes, dressed as wooden soldiers, were assembling near where we were standing. Each girl had a red cotton patch on each cheek, and from time to time a girl would come over to the control board, open a drawer, and take out a new patch to replace one that was about to fall off. There was a drinking fountain near us, and we saw one of the soldiers, who was drinking out of a paper cup, spill a minuscule amount of water on the front of her uniform. She blushed and said demurely, "Am I ever embarrassed!" Onstage, four acrobats were jumping up and down on a hazardous-looking arrangement of bars and chairs. A ballet girl remarked in passing, "I wouldn't do that for anything." After the acrobats had left the stage, the Rockettes marched out with perfect precision and performed an impeccable drill. Near the end of their parade, we spotted a cannon being wheeled out onto the stage from the opposite wing. It was fired, and all the Rockettes fell, one after another, in a line, in our direction. The last one was caught by a sturdy man, standing just out of sight of the audience, who said to her, "I hope I caught you all right." An inner curtain closed, and while a chorus sang, the white Christmas trees were wheeled out on rotating stands by a group of stagehands and



"We'd never bother with Christmas, of course, if it weren't for the children."

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put in place. The section of the stage that they occupied began to sink from view. When the inner curtain opened, the entire company—ninety-six in all—began to assemble onstage, and behind them the Christmas trees rose to stage level, with colored lights playing on them. The stage manager told us that along the walls of the auditorium, outside our line of vision, lights had just gone on spelling out "Season's Greetings"—"Season's" on one side and "Greetings" on the other. At six-forty, the buzzer sounded again, the main curtain fell, everyone made off, and the stagehands quickly moved the trees back where they had been when we came in. In five minutes, the stage was as bare and orderly as the deck of a ship.

On our way out, we found ourself wondering how the cast would spend Christmas Day. We got our answer almost immediately. Near the elevator, Eddys Restaurant, of West Forty-eighth Street, had put up a sign that read, "Xmas Party Dinner on House." As we stepped out onto Fiftieth Street, we silently wished them all "Season's Greetings."

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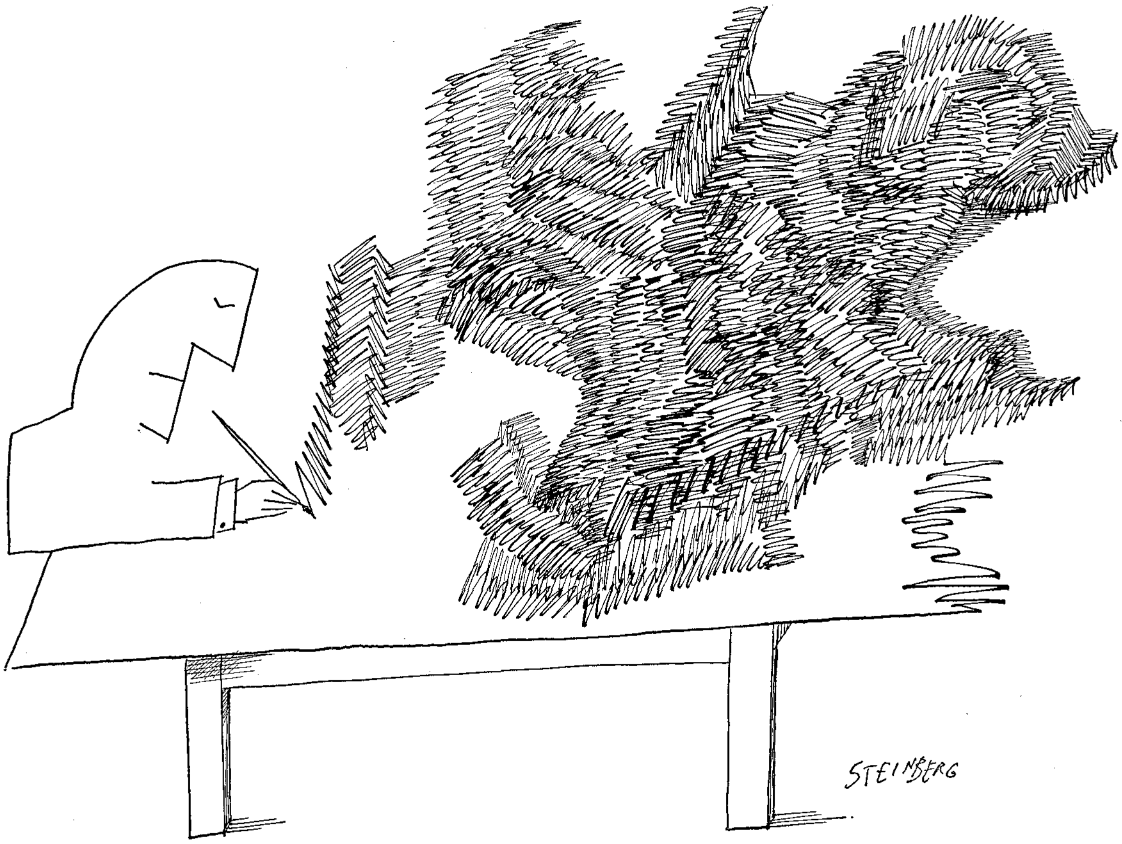
IN some of our local supermarkets it is now possible to buy Quick Frozen Chinese Pea Pods, Capri Brand, Product of Japan.

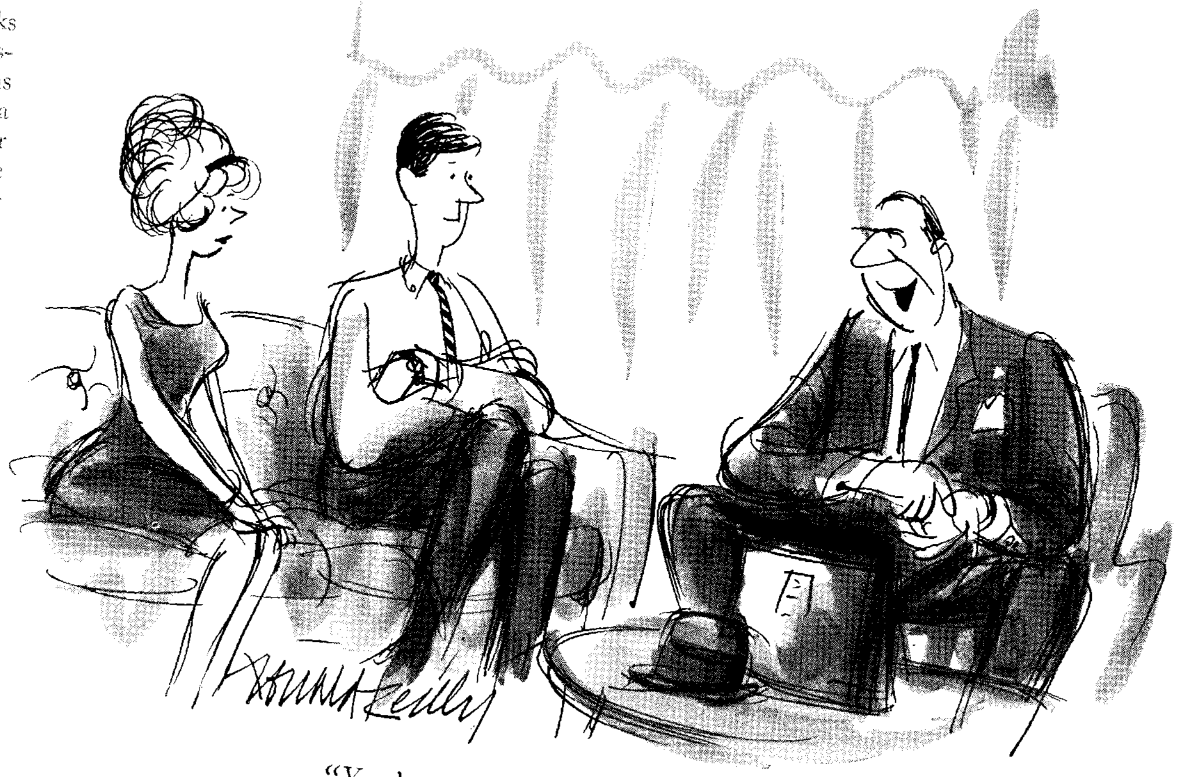
New Light

LAST week, for the first time, the eight façades of the Pan Am Building were floodlighted, and a few nights before the grand illumination we went over there to watch a final test run, conducted by our old friend Mr. Abe H. Feder, the lighting designer, whose previous accomplishments have included lighting the sets of "My Fair Lady" and the interior and exterior of the United Nations Building, and who is at present responsible for lighting not only the exterior of the Pan Am Building but also the building's lobbies and the heliport on its roof. Mr. Feder is a bespectacled, gray-haired man in his middle fifties, with brown eyes, a prominent jaw, and a radiant smile, and when he talks about what lighting is and what it can do, his face reflects intense pleasure. We met him at around seven-thirty in the upper lobby of the Pan Am Building, where he and Mr. Donald Leithauser, who has been his assistant for nearly ten years, had been giving last-minute instructions to some maintenance men and electricians. "Tonight, we're going to test and adjust the lighting for the three façades of the south face of the building," Mr. Feder told us, his face glowing with exuberant anticipation. "We've already adjusted it for the three northern façades and the Lexington and Vanderbilt Avenue façades, so we'll illuminate them only long enough to make sure that everything is still O.K. First, we'll go up to the ninth-floor setback on the south side and see if all the lamp units—luminaires, we call them—are working properly, and if the beams are lying correctly upon the face of the building. Then we'll go topside and adjust for any glare that may be present as a result of beams' overshooting the edge of the roof. We can't tolerate any glare on the roof, because it might interfere with the vision of the helicopter pilots who will presumably be landing there. We've got to move quickly, though, because if we keep the lights on very long, the building will be deluged with telephone calls and questions. O.K., everybody, button your overcoats and let's be off!"

We followed Mr. Feder, Mr. Leithauser, and one of the electricians into an elevator, which whisked us to the seventh floor. Then, with Mr. Feder setting a brisk pace, we walked down a long corridor, passed through several deserted offices, and climbed a stairway to the ninth-floor setback. On the way, Mr. Feder, talking very fast, told us that when he was confronted with the task of lighting the Pan Am Building's exterior surface, which amounted to six hundred thousand square feet, he started out by making up his mind what he wanted the lighting to accomplish. "In the case of the Pan Am Building, which was constructed amid a storm of controversy, I felt that my lighting should make the exterior as *un*controversial as possible," he said, "so I rejected the idea of using mercury-vapor lights, which would have cast a blue-green reflection, and decided to use targetable beams of incandescent light, which, laid across each other, would cross-wash the façades of the structure with a warm light that would emphasize the texture of the surface and bring its eight-sided shape into relief." He threw open a door at the head of the stairway and led us across a gravelled roof toward a row of giant searchlights, which were suddenly turned on. After our eyes became accustomed to the glare, we saw that we were standing approximately level with the roof of Grand Central Terminal. Then we turned around, craned our neck, and allowed our eyes to travel up the fifty-nine-story tower, rising more than six hundred feet above us, and we saw that its immense façades were, as their illuminator had intended them to be, awash with a warm suffusion of light. "Just look at the cumulative effect of light!" Mr. Feder exclaimed. "Light spills and reflects. Light has density, volume, and flux. Used properly, light gives a feeling of totality. Why, light is one of the most beautiful architectural substances we have at our command!"

Mr. Feder continued to gaze happily up at the shining tower as he told us that the three southern façades of the building were being lit by eighty-five luminaires, which are similar to the powerful searchlights used by the armed forces, and that each of the luminaires contained a two-thousand-watt incandescent bulb. "The three northern façades are also lit by eighty-five luminaires, and each of the two other façades is illuminated by eighteen luminaires containing thousand-watt bulbs," he said. "Getting the proper bulb was a big problem. Not only did it have to be powerful enough to shoot a beam nearly seven hundred feet up the side of a building but it had to have a life equivalent to a year of night lighting, or about twenty-five hundred hours. The Westinghouse Electric Corporation people worked doggedly for two years to develop such a bulb, and finally designed a special kind of tungsten filament that made it possible to meet our specifications. Kliegl Brothers designed the luminaires—also to our specifications. They are equipped with giant spherical reflectors to help produce targetable beams with tapering shafts. Each of the luminaires has its own con-





“You’ve got your loaf of bread, your jug of wine, and the little lady here, but what’s your position life insurance-wise?”

trol fuse box, and all of them are subject to a remote-control-button system that works through a giant transformer. This means that when you have a helicopter coming in for a night landing on the roof, the floodlighting can be dimmed to one-third brightness, and can then climb back up to full brightness over a ten-second interval—a nocturnal drama that practically everybody in the city should be able to watch.”

Mr. Feder grinned in anticipation of the treat in store for his fellow-citizens, and grinned even more widely as he told us that we would now go up to the roof of the building, where he could guarantee a nocturnal drama that would take our breath away. Leaving Mr. Leithauser and the electrician on the ninth-floor setback, we followed Mr. Feder into the building, up in an elevator to the fifty-seventh floor, and up in another elevator to the fifty-ninth floor, where we walked through a glass-panelled lobby and out onto the concrete landing pad of the heliport, which lay in darkness. A fiercely cold wind was blowing across the landing pad, and when we stepped onto it, the first thing we noticed—hovering at eye level in space, just southeast of us—was the conical top section of the Chrysler Building, which, adorned with colored lights, looked like an enormous Christmas tree. Then Mr. Feder led us to the parapet at the south side of the landing pad, and we found ourself dizzily peering eight hundred feet down to the streets of midtown Manhattan. “Feast your eyes!” Mr. Feder commanded us. “Look at all the light in this great city! Isn’t it grand? Isn’t it wonderful?”

Without waiting for a reply, Mr. Feder hurried off, and we, tearing our eyes away from the light-filled void below us and trying to swallow a nervous lump in our throat, hurried after him as he left the landing pad, which covers the eastern half of the roof, and started out across an iron walk surrounding a two-story well, in the western half, that houses the building’s cooling towers. Here the wind whistled around our ears and beat unmercifully against our legs, shaking the walk beneath our feet. Mr. Feder, now at the western edge of the building, took a walkie-talkie set from his overcoat pocket, pulled out its antenna, and, shouting into its microphone, told Mr. Leithauser to turn off all the lights that were aimed at the upper part of the building and to start turning them on one by one, going from west to east. Over the next fifteen or twenty minutes, Mr. Feder slowly made his way back toward the landing pad, on a walk extending along the northern side of the building. He shouted into the walkie-talkie every so often, directing Mr. Leithauser to raise or lower beams that were out of position, but he also took the time to lead us to the parapet again and, pointing out Rockefeller Plaza, the Coliseum, and the Tishman Building, tell us proudly that he had lighted them all. When he returned to the task at hand, we remained standing at the parapet. We glanced at the sign on the Newsweek Building, which told us that the time was eleven minutes past eight, and then, having grown slightly more accustomed to the height, we lost ourself in the lights of the city, which were scattered below us like gems in an immense jewel case. In Manhattan, the lights were mostly laid out in straight lines and geometric patterns, but on the periphery of the vast display, where boulevards curved through Queens and where waterfront streets curled along the edges of black rivers, they seemed to have been strewn carelessly, in luxurious profusion. The mercury-vapor lamps on various bridge cables looked like strands of sapphires; on one side of Park Avenue a stream of white headlights came toward us as if from infinity, and across its festively lit center mall a stream of red tail-lights moved endlessly away. We walked across the landing pad to its eastern edge and looked over toward Brooklyn. Then, having completed a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turn above the city, we made our way back to Mr. Feder, who was standing in the middle of a red-and-yellow triangle—the helicopter touchdown point. As we approached him, the roof was suddenly showered by a heavy rain, which turned almost immediately to wet snow, and we could hear him relaying this news to his associate far below. “Say, it’s actually snowing up here, Don!” he shouted happily. “Boy, oh, boy, it’s really coming down! It’s uncanny with the light! What an effect! . . . What’s that? . . . You say it’s raining down there? No kidding! . . . What? . . . Well, thanks, and the same to you and to everybody else! Merry Christmas!”

PASTICHE OF THE AUTHOR IN SWEET DISARRAY

> I had not seen Saul Bellow for four or five years, and meeting him again after all that time was a distinct shock, just as reading "Herzog" after not having read him since 1959 came as a real revelation. He is now 49 years old and he has grown almost alarmingly handsome. . . . His features—eyes, nose, mouth—are all large and full. . . . I said I thought "Herzog" was his best book, and Bellow said he thought so, too.
>
> "Which makes it," I said, "better than everything else."
>
> He smiled and ducked his head down. . . . Saul Bellow takes a compliment better than any writer I know. And if you don't think that takes talent, just try complimenting a writer sometime. . . .
>
> He is certainly interested in other writers and their writing, and talked about . . . several young writers we both knew. I mentioned one who'd been having a hard time, and Bellow said, "That reminds me of what Samuel Butler once said. I've been having a lot of fun reading old Sam. Young people, I believe he said, should be careful about their aspirations. They might live to achieve them."
>
> —*Robert Gutwillig in the Times Book Review.*

"MR. ANGUS FENISONG! Paging Mr. Fenisong, of the *Daily Blade!*"

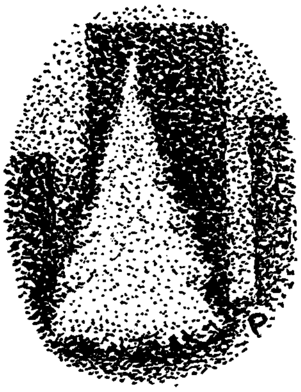
The bellhop's insistent chant throbbed across the crowded lobby of the Stilton, New York's most exclusive hotel, abruptly halting my contemplation of the fashionable noonday throng about me. As I rose to acknowledge it, I was conscious of not a few admiring glances, for, though I'm still a cub reporter, my exposés of the kosher poultry racket and the citywide recruitment of white slaves in laundromats had boosted circulation and made me a newspaperman to be watched. That I was earmarked for promotion was clearly evident from my city editor's greeting when he summoned me to his office that morning.

"Well, Scoop, how's our ace newshawk today?" he joshed me. "I've got a crackerjack assignment lined up for you. I daresay you've heard of Solita Blather?"

"Not the author of 'Naked in the Hay,' 'Hey, Naked Lady!,' and 'Lady Into Mink'?" I asked.

"Nobody else," he confirmed. "We just had a flash that she checked into the Stilton last night with the manuscript of her new novel, 'The Lady Is a Mink,' the first book in history to be published in a genuine mink jacket, and that's a page-one feature. Think you can handle it?"

I naturally promised to do my best, albeit the task soon proved to be far from simple. Arresting and provocative as she was on the printed page, Solita Blather had never revealed herself to the public. In the few meagre clippings I unearthed from the morgue, she emerged as a drab, diffident personality whose mousiness suggested the rural schoolmarm rather than a best-selling novelist. I did, however, manage to glean several crumbs that I hoped would win me an audience: both of us were Virginians born under the sign of Virgo, and both our names had thirteen letters. It was a flimsy enough pretext for requesting an interview, to be sure, and yet it succeeded. Her voice on the phone, surprisingly, had none of the spinsterish quality I anticipated. Its warm, vibrant undertones bespoke a readiness to coöperate that I found heartening, and now that I had been kept waiting in the lobby for three-quarters of an hour, I was agog with curiosity as I ascended to her suite.



So unlike my preconception was the woman who answered the door that I stood transfixed for a moment. Tall and radiantly blond, a dazzling smile dimpling her exquisite features, she was clad in a housecoat of some diaphanous material that accentuated a voluptuous figure. The heady scent of a French perfume I could not identify enveloped me as she extended her hands in welcome and drew me inside.

"To think that we've finally, actually met, Mr. Fenisong," she said breathlessly. "I wonder if you realize what this moment means to me. I read every word of those marvellous articles you wrote on the—the—what was it again?"

"The kosher chicken traffic?" I said. "You really liked them, Miss Blather?"

"*Liked* them?" she repeated. "They were masterly. They sent a cold, clean draft of air surging through the pages of—er—what paper did you say you were on?"

"The *Blade*," I said. "Well, I certainly appreciate that, and I want you to know that if anybody's responsible it's you. Ever since I first ran across your work, I've tried to model my style on yours."

"Why, how utterly darling of you!" she exclaimed. "That deserves a kiss." With a sudden, impulsive movement, she encircled my waist and crushed her lips against mine. Then, like a child overcome by remorse, she backed away. "Oh dear, what an impulsive goose I am," she said contritely. "Do forgive me, won't you, Mr. Fenisong? I get so few compliments from people I respect that I lose my head."

My fervent protestation that I attached no ulterior motive to the gesture stilled her qualms, and, entwining her arm through mine in sisterly fashion, she conducted me into the living room. It was a pleasant chamber for a tête-à-tête, dominated by a long, low divan backed by masses of flowers, with a profusion of books and magazines scattered about, and a bottle of champagne—a token of good will from Miss Blather's publishers—reposing in a bucket on the coffee table.

"Here, sit down beside me," she invited, hospitably patting the divan. "You know, Mr. Fenisong, I really owe you an apology for receiving you in such informal attire, but I can't bear the heat in these New York hotels. This negligee's as sheer as can be, and yet I'm practically stifling. Why don't you slip off your coat?"

"I'm O.K. as I am, thanks," I replied. "I don't want to get too relaxed."

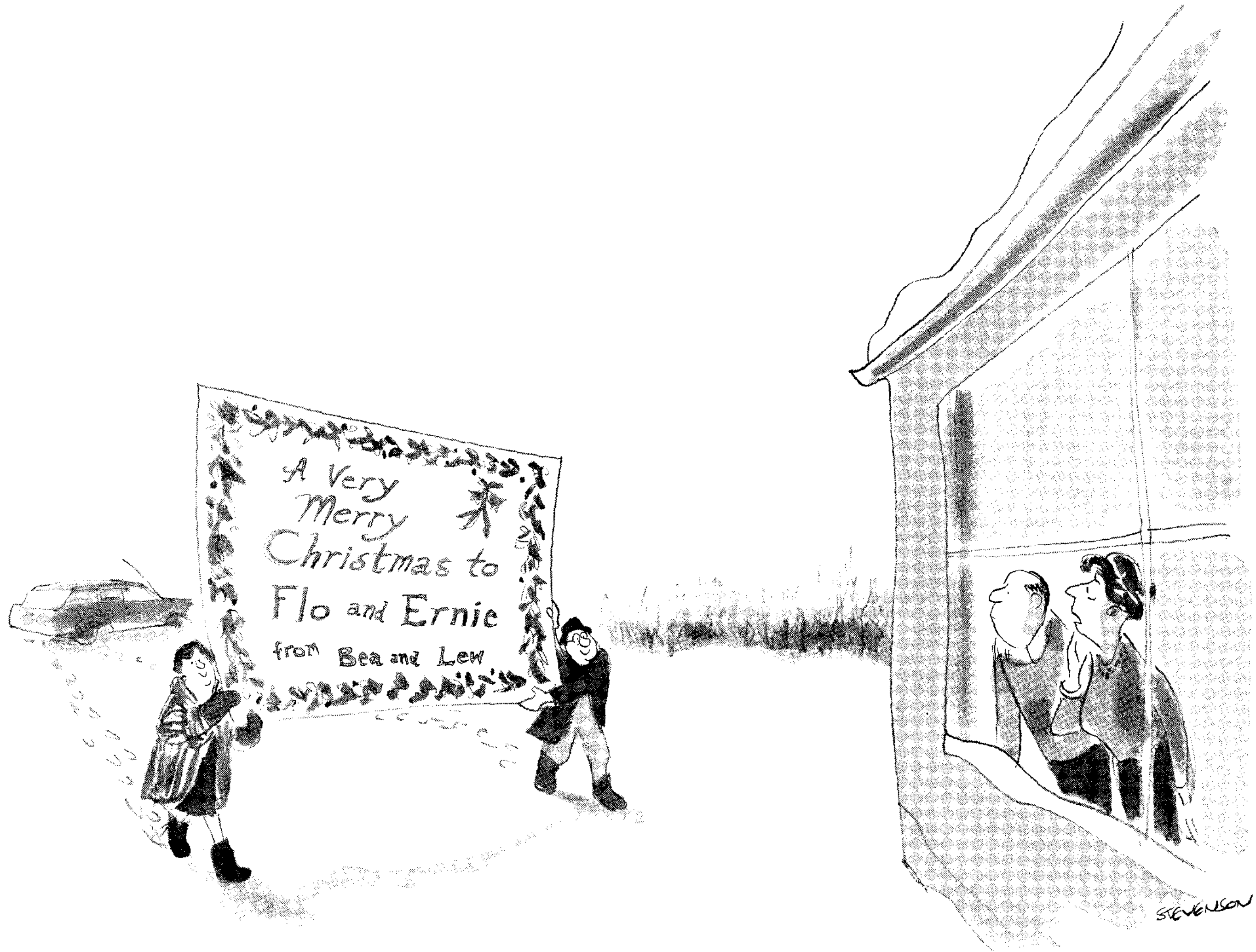
"Of course," she said. "You've got to be constantly on the *qui vive*, absorbing impressions, evaluating and winnowing the raw material for your copy. But see here—why don't we have a sip of this wine while you decide what questions you're going to ask me?"

"I'd love to, but I never drink when I'm working," I said. "It tends to dull my faculties."

"Heavens, you *are* a disciplined person," she said. "Still, that shouldn't surprise one. It's reflected in all your work." She poured herself a glass of champagne, drank deeply of it, and leaned back. "All right, fire away."

"Well," I began. "First of all, where do you derive the inspiration for your plots, mainly?"

She toyed with the stem of her glass before answering, a mischievous gleam in her great violet eyes. "Isn't it weird?" she commented. "There must be some kind of telepathy between us—I knew instinctively you'd bring that


A Very Merry Christmas to Flo and Ernie
from Bea and Lew
STEVENSON

"Oh dear! And we didn't send them a card!"

• •

up. Well, maybe you'll scoff, but most of them come to me in the bathtub. You see, Mr. Fenisong," she explained, "I don't know whether you noticed, but I happen to have a divine body. Not just a normal, run-of-the-mill physique but a superb, a breathtaking one. Does that sound horribly egotistical of me?"

"No, no indeed," I hastened to assure her. "If you're a particular type individual, why deny it? I mean, it's hypocrisy to pretend otherwise, isn't it? At least, that's how I interpret your thought."

"Precisely," she agreed, and helped herself to another glassful of champagne. "Well, to return to your question. Having a glorious figure, as I say, I naturally strive to keep it well groomed, so I sometimes loll in my bubble bath hours on end and mull over situations for my stories."

"And all that spadework pays off, believe me," I said sincerely. "The great thing about your characters, Miss Blather, is that they ring so true to life—you can practically reach out and touch them."

"Aren't you sweet?" she said gratefully. "Speaking of that, you look so unhappy slumped down there at the end of the divan. There's loads of room."

I got up and fetched a folding chair. "I think I'd prefer this, if you don't mind. It's easier on my back."

"You poor thing—you've a strained sacroiliac," she said, instantly sympathetic. "How inconsiderate of me. Have you had it massaged?"

"It's only a cramp, truly," I protested. "Tell me, Miss Blath—"

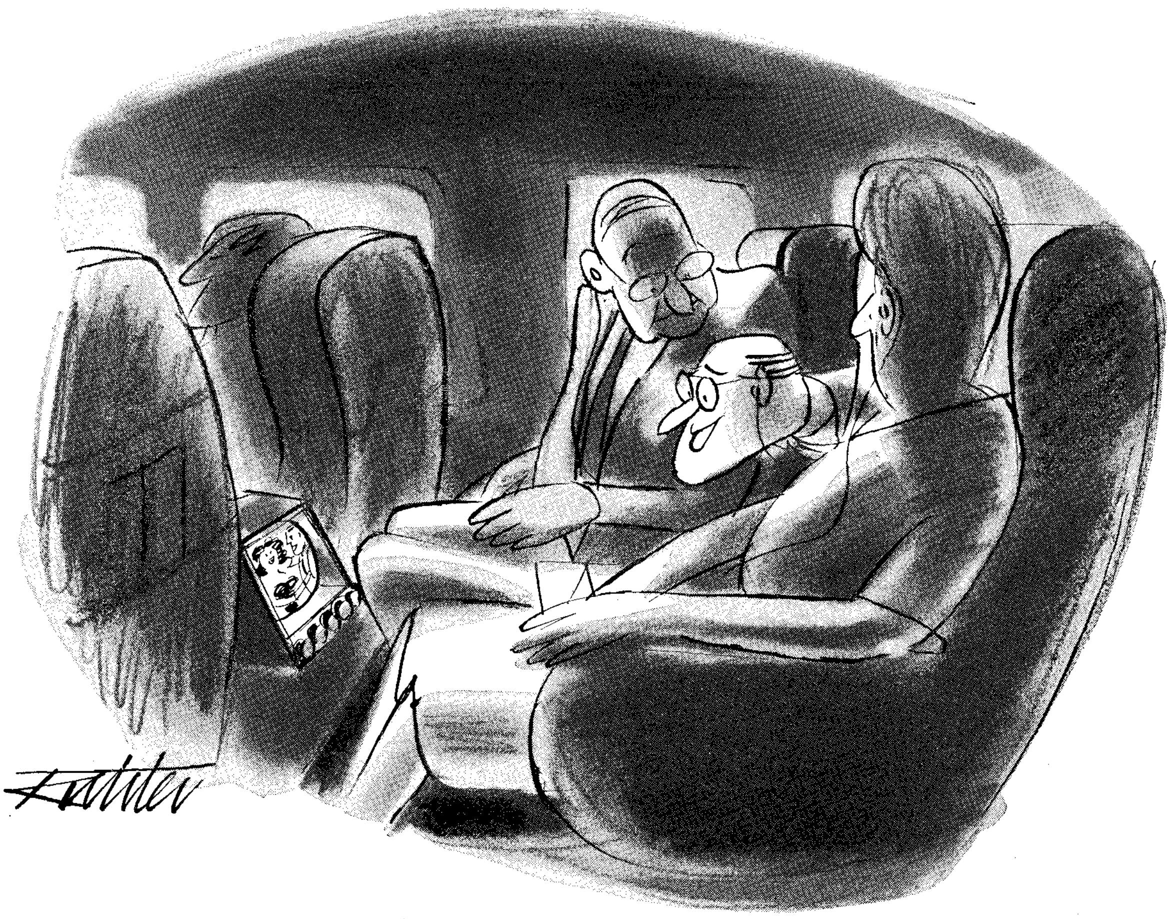
"I simply won't allow you to neglect it," she persisted. "Come and show me where it hurts, stubborn."

I repeated, as earnestly as I was able, that there were no grounds for her concern, and at last she forbore. Resuming the theme I had started, I asked whether her novels demanded a substantial amount of research.

"Scads, my dear—I'm an absolute perfectionist," she replied. "For instance, in 'Follow That Bikini,' you may remember that Libertina, my heroine, takes refuge in a Miami Beach firehouse during the hurricane. Well, of course, I wanted the background to be as authentic as possible, so I flew down there, bought myself a white poncho and a pair of great rubber boots, and hung around this lunchroom on Lincoln Road where the smoke-eaters used to drop in for coffee. At first they were kind of shy, but after a day or two they accepted me as one of their own and invited me to their quarters. And do you know something, Mr. Fenisong?" she added triumphantly. "In the three whole weeks I lived and ate and played checkers with them, they never once suspected my real identity. When the book was published, to be sure, they made a huge fuss about the orgies and the drinking I described, but then you can't please everyone, can you?"

I said that she had a large, loyal body of readers who adored her work, especially university students, and that she would have made an inspiring teacher.

"Oh, I tried that for a while—not very successfully, though," she confessed. "I taught out at Wyoming U. a couple of semesters, and for a time I



"Do you mind? Mine isn't working."

• •

found it terribly exciting—all those lean, rangy chaps without a spare ounce of fat on them—but within a month or so, do you know, I made the strangest discovery. They weren't a bit interested in dating or smooching or any of the normal adolescent pursuits; they were just preoccupied with their musty old tomes, and was Kierkegaard a bigger influence than Sartre, and that kind of bilge. It reminded me of those immortal lines of Abraham Cowley, the poet (1618-67). I've had such a ball lately reading old Abe."

"I don't recall the passage you mean offhand," I said, racking my memory.

"Well, you should," she said. "It's right there on page 260 of Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations': 'We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine/But search of deep philosophy.' " She refilled her glass, emptied two-thirds of it, and shook her finger playfully at me. "That's the trouble with your generation, Fenisong. You're overintellectualized. You've become a bunch of thinking machines—cold, logical, devoid of tenderness—a lot of computers without a heart."

"Oh, come, Miss Blather," I protested. "It isn't fair to generalize. Maybe we just express ourselves differently."

"In what way?" she asked, leaning forward. "I'd love to hear your views on sex, to take a random example."

"Well," I deliberated. "I think it's a very important drive, mind you, but I feel we've put too much stress on it the last four or five years. There are so many other meaningful avenues in life."

"Yes, yes, like art and literature," she said impatiently. "Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Not necessarily. Simple, homely ways of fulfilling oneself, such as—well, I know you'll laugh at me, but whenever I'm tense or frustrated I turn to some humdrum occupation. Woodworking, for instance."

"You *do*?" she exclaimed, obviously impressed. "Oh, but how I envy anyone with coördination, with manual skills! I'm completely sunk if something breaks down or refuses to function. You should have seen me struggling with my electric curler this morning."

"Yes, inanimate objects can be pretty pesky on occasion," I agreed. "Getting back to your books, Miss Blather, the mink jacket your publishers announced—"

"My dear, it was a regular holocaust," she overrode me. "There were these enormous sparks shooting all over the place, and the cord was so twisted that I couldn't unplug it." She looked apprehensively over her shoulder at the bedroom door. "I just know it'll go up in flames if someone doesn't attend to it."

"I wish you'd told me earlier," I said, springing to my feet. "You should have reported it to the engineer at once. Where's the phone?"

"That's on the fritz, too," she said helplessly. "Isn't it awful? We're as isolated as though we were alone on a desert island."

"Now, now, there's no need to panic," I quieted her. "I'll run downstairs and notify the desk."

An expression of vast relief flooded her face. "But of course," she said. "How idiotic of me not to think of it." She uncoiled herself sinuously from the divan and arose. "And look, please don't bother to come way back upstairs. I'd never forgive myself if I made you miss your deadline."

I started to thank her for her thoughtfulness, but before I could finish she had guided me through the foyer and I was out in the corridor, my hat and coat piled in my arms. As the elevator bore me earthward, I dimly began to perceive the true essence of her spirit, the Blather nobody had ever been able to define. She was a chameleon, a restless, untrammelled creature dappled with sunlight and shadow. Could one capture her bright turbulence in words? Could one invest her with the same immediacy I had given to broilers and hookers? I did not know, but I squared my shoulders to the challenge. —S. J. PERELMAN

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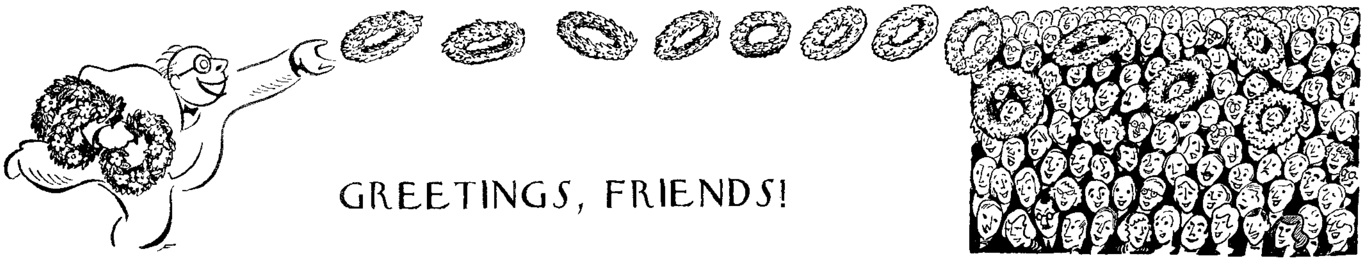
Mrs. D. C. Newton, 1705 Richmond NE, reported a Los Angeles city limit sign was taken from her front porch by "vandals or pranksters."—*Albuquerque Tribune.*

Time to crack down on these bums, eh, Mrs. N.?



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Greetings, friends! It being Dec.,
We wish you Christmas joy and peace.
To prove it, here's a holiday buss,
With fond regards to you from us.
Fellow-voters, the campaign's done,
The several battles lost and won,
So what say all we ticket-splitters
Forget our pre-election jitters
And lift a bumper to rejoice
With L.B.J., the People's Choice!
Tell the boys to strike up the band
For Hubert, the Second-in-Command,
And warble carols like "Noël"
For Lady Bird and Muriel.
Congressman Lindsay, here's to you!
Here's to Senator Muskie, too!
Peace to the solons who got their vote
By riding the tails of the Boss's coat,
Among whom we may safely rate
Some Democrats of New York State.
We'll trim a Christmas tree to gladden
The innocent hearts of Donald Madden,
Joan Littlewood, Judith Raskin,
Barbra Streisand, and Leonard Baskin.
Happy thoughts are what we harbor
For Phillips Exeter's Richard Barber,
Bayard Rustin, Anne Jackson,
And Albany's Dr. Frank C. Maxon.
God rest ye merry, Jerry Bock!
Three cheers for Nobelist Konrad Bloch!
Another three we gladly proffer
To Jean-Paul Sartre, the Nobel scoffer.
Now is the time to sound a chime
For Harold Wilson, Britain's Prime,
And, certes, now's the time to greet
Ken Boyer and his brother, Clete,
And time to sing a loud descant
For Winston Churchill and U Thant!
Mix proper Yuletide lubricators
For our Olympic gladiators,
And stir up a toddy for John Slade,
Clemence Dane, and Paul Schrade.
A toast to thee, Charles Bracelen Flood!
Mud in thine eye, good Roger Mudd!
Roast a goose for Robie Macauley,
Peregrine Worsthorne, William Frawley;
Roast the mate of another gander
For quadri-medalled Don Schollander.
A Christmas frolicsome and carefree,
And partridge, complete, of course, with pear tree,
For Nathan Pusey, Jack Mann,
And Mrs. Samuel Lanahan.
Love from us and Peggy Lee
To Senator Bobby Kennedy;
Love to the girls of the Folies-Bergère;
More of the same to Zizi Jeanmaire.
Noël! Noël! in doggerel
To Dubuffet and Peter Snell.
Peace to Friedrich Dürrenmatt;
Joy to helmsman Peter Scott,
And a cordial, holly-covered greeting
To a gallant loser, Kenneth Keating.
Waits, give out with a Yuletide chant
For Stanley Holloway, Lee Grant,
Lucille Markey, Giacometti,
Jack Gould, and Victor Spinetti.
Pipe roundelays for Johnny Keane,
John Kieran, and Martin Sheen;
Yodel in your most dulcet tones
For Jean Anouilh and LeRoi Jones,
And right gladly sing-a-ling-O!
For Saints John, George, Paul, and Ringo!
Blessings on all the newborn nations;
May New Year bliss be Lili Chookasian's;
For the D'Oyly Cartists, a rousing cheer—
Come back, melodious kids, next year.
On Christmas Eve we'll gladly stand a
Drink for pianist Geza Anda;
We'll set 'em up for Josef Krips,
Rea Irvin, and Ogden Phipps,
And brew a potent doch-an-dorris
For Barbara and Ernie Morris.
Then, with amazing pep, we'll stamp
With Sybil Burton in the Whamp,
And, for the hell of it, dance a reel
With Equity's Frederick O'Neal!
Here we come with presents laden
For Michael Kidd and Melissa Hayden.
On Donder! Blitzen! Giddap, Vixen!
Rush these gifts to Marni Nixon,
And some pretty little kickshaws might
Delight the heart of Enoch Light.
Music, please. A diapason
For Jonathan Winters and James Mason;
Music allegro, never largo,
For Bea Lillie and Ralph Camargo.
Ron Turcotte! Michael Venezia!
A two-dollar bettor hereby greets ya!
King Constantine, a bow to thee
And thy comely consort, Anne-Marie,
And then an anthem sung expressly
To tickle author Warren Leslie,
Byron White, Mary Astor,
And Charles Hard Townes, the maser master!

Good riddance to you, '64!
Here's your fedora and there's the door!
While we make ready to greet '65,
Let's count our blessings: (A) we're alive;
(B) we're bedecked with the garlands of freedom—
As green as holly, as scented as Edom!;
And (C) it's Christmas, the proper season
In (D) December, to pray for Peace on
(E) Earth, and peace to (F) our friends,
To whom (G) Greetings deponent sends!

—Frank Sullivan

CHRISTMAS SNOW

THE real snows I remember are the snows of Christmas in New Hampshire. I was ten years old, and there was a night when I woke to the sound of grownups talking. Slowly, I realized that it wasn't that at all; the mounds of my grandfather and grandmother lay still in their bed under many quilts in the cold room. It was rain falling and rubbing against the bushes outside my window. I sat up in bed, pulling the covers around me, and held the green shade out from the frosty pane. There were flakes of snow mixed into the rain—large, slow flakes fluttering down like wet leaves. I watched as long as I could, until the back of my neck hurt with the cold, while the flakes grew thicker and the snow took over from the rain. When I looked up into the dark sky, just before lying back in my warm feather bed, the whole air was made of fine light shapes. I was happy in my own world of snow, as if I were living inside one of those glass paperweights that snow when you shake them, and I went back to sleep easily. In the morning, I looked out the window as soon as I woke. There were no more leaves, no more weeds turned brown by the frost, no sheds, no road, and no chicken coops. The sky was a dense mass of snowflakes, the ground covered in soft white curves.

It was the morning of Christmas Eve, 1938. The day before, we had driven north from Connecticut, and I had been disappointed to find that there was no snow on my grandfather's farm. On the trip up, I had not noticed the lack of snow, because I was too busy looking for hurricane damage. (September, 1938, was the time of the great New England hurricane.) Maples and oaks and elms were down everywhere. Huge roots stood up like dirt cliffs next to the road. On distant hillsides, whole stands of trees lay pointing in the same direction, like combed hair. Men were cutting the timber with double handsaws, their breaths blue white in the cold. Ponds were already filling with logs—stored timber that would corduroy the surface of New Hampshire lakes for years. Here and there I saw a roof gone from a barn, or a tree leaning into a house.

We knew from letters that my grandfather's farmhouse was all right. I was excited to be going there, sitting in the front seat between my mother and father, with the heater blasting at my knees. Every summer, we drove the same route and I spent two weeks following my grandfather as he did chores, listening to his talk. The familiar road took shape again: Sunapee, Georges Mills, New London; then there was the shortcut along the bumpy Cilleyville Road. We drove past the West Andover depot, past Henry's store and the big rock, and climbed the little hill by the Whittemores', and there, down the slope to the right, we saw the lights of the farmhouse. In a porch window I could see my small Christmas tree, with its own string of lights. It stood in the window next to the large one, where I could see it when we drove over the hill.

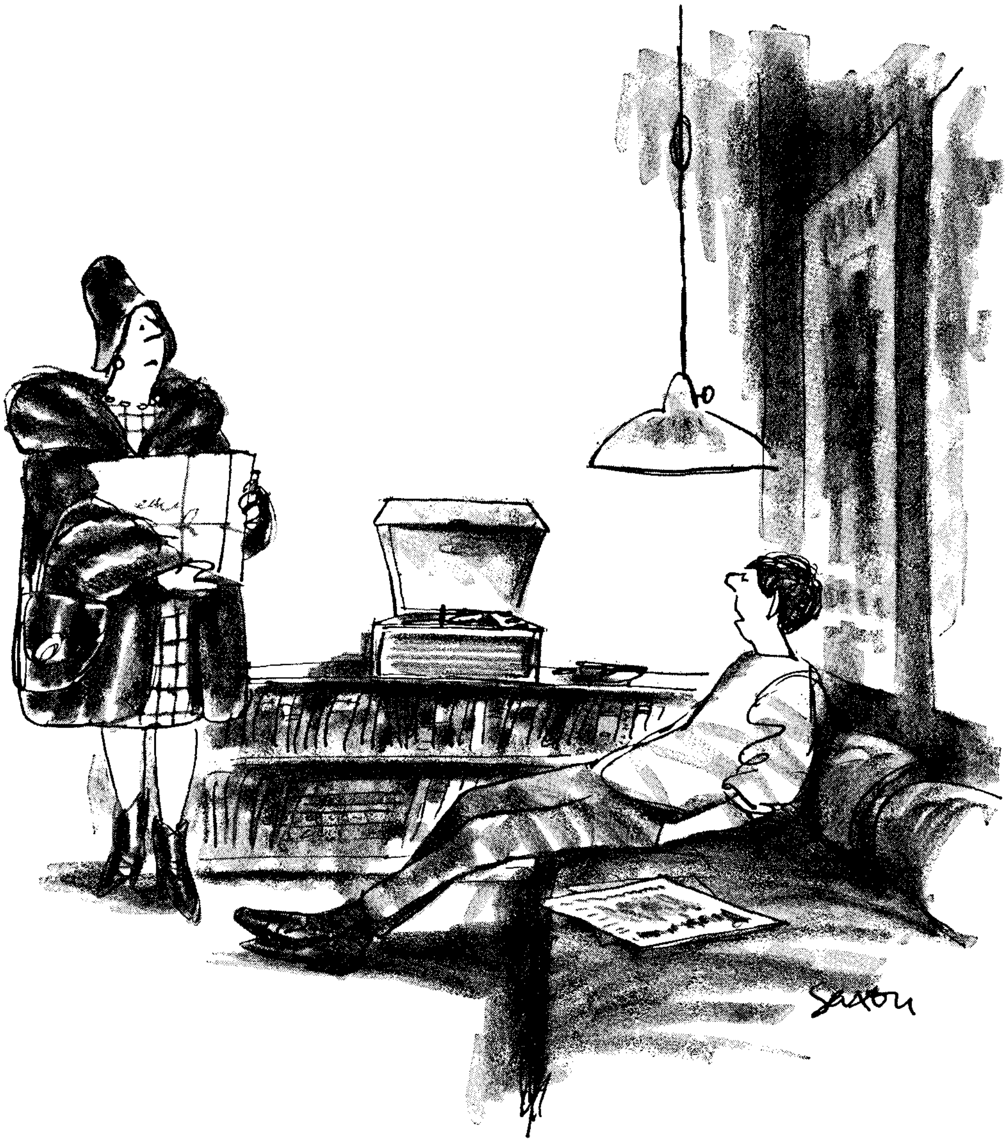
We stopped in the driveway and the kitchen door burst open. My grandfather was in his milking clothes, tall and bald and smiling broadly. He lifted me up, grunting at how big I was getting. Over his shoulder, which smelled happily of barn and tieup, I saw my grandmother in her best dress, waiting her turn and looking pleased.

As we stood outside in the cold, I looked around for signs of the hurricane. In the light from the kitchen window I could just see a stake with a rope tied to it that angled up into the tall elm by the shed. Then I remembered that my grandmother had written my mother about that tree. It had blown over, roots out of the ground, and Washington Woodward, a cousin of ours who lived on Ragged Mountain, was fixing it. The great tree was upright now.

My grandfather saw me looking at it. "Looks like it's going to work, don't it? Of course, you can't tell until spring, and the leaves. A lot of the root must have gone." He shook his head. "Wash is a wonder," he said. "He winched that tree back upright in two days with a pulley on that oak." He pointed to a tree on the hill in back of the house. "I thought he was going to pull the oak clear out of the ground. Then he took that rock-moving machine of his" (I remembered that Wash had constructed a wooden tripod about fifteen feet high for moving rocks. I never understood how it worked, though I heard him explain it a hundred times. He moved rocks for fun mostly; it was his hobby) "and moved that boulder down from the pasture and set it there to keep the roots flat. It only took him five days in all, and I think he saved the tree."

It was when we moved back to the group around the car that I realized, with sudden disappointment, that there was no snow on the ground.

I TURNED from the window the next morning and looked over at my grandparents' bed. My grandmother



"I'm not just sitting here. I'm listening to Johann Sebastian Bach."

was there, but the place beside her was empty. The clock on the bureau, among the snapshots and perfume bottles, said seven o'clock. I heard my grandfather carrying wood into the living room. Logs crashed into the big, square stove. In a moment, I heard another sound I was listening for—a massive animal roar from the same stove. He had poured a tin can of kerosene on the old embers and the new logs. Then I heard him fix the kitchen stove and pause by the door to put on coats and scarves and a cap—his boots were in the shed—and then the door shut between kitchen and shed, and he had gone to milk the cows.

It was warm inside my bed. My grandmother stood up beside her bed, her gray hair down to her waist. "Good morning," she said. "You awake? We've had some snow. You go back to sleep while I make the doughnuts." That brought me out of bed quickly. I dressed next to the stove in the dark living room. The sides of the stove glowed red, and I kept my distance. The cold of the room almost visibly receded into the farther corners, there to dwindle into something the size of a pea.

My grandmother was fixing her hair in the warm kitchen, braiding it and winding it up on her head. She looked like my grandmother again. "Doughnuts won't be ready for a long time. The fat's got to heat. Why don't you have a slice of bread and go see Gramp in the tieup?"

I put peanut butter on the bread and bundled up with galoshes and a wool cap that I could pull over my ears. I stepped outside into the swirl of flakes, white against the gray of the early morning. It was my first snow of the year, and it set my heart pounding with pleasure. But even if it had snowed in Connecticut earlier, this would have been my first real snow. When it snowed in Connecticut, the snowplows heaped most of it in the gutters and the cars chewed the rest with chains and blackened it with oil. Here the snow turned the farm into a planet of its own, an undiscovered moon.

I walked past our Studebaker, which was humped already with two inches of snow. I reached down for a handful, to see if it would pack, but it was dry as cotton. The flakes, when I looked up into the endless flaking barrel of the sky, were fine and constant. It was going to snow all day. I climbed the hill to the barn without lifting my galoshes quite clear of the snow, and left two long trenches behind me. I raised the iron latch and went into the tieup, shaking my head and shoulders like a dog, making a little snowstorm inside.

My grandfather laughed. "It's really coming down," he said. "It'll be a white Christmas, you can be sure of that."

"I love it," I said.

"Can you make a snowman today?"

"It's dry snow," I said. "It won't pack."

"When it melts a little, you can roll away the top of it—I mean, tomorrow or the next day. I remember making a big one with my brother Charlie when I was nine—no, eight. Charlie wasn't much bigger than a hoptoad then. I called him Hoptoad when I wanted to make him mad, and, my, you never saw such a red face. Well, we spent the whole day Saturday making this great creature. Borrowed a scarf and an old hat—it was a woman's hat, but we didn't mind—and a carrot from the cellar for the nose, and two little potatoes for the eyes. It was a fine thing, no doubt about it, and we showed your Aunt Lottie, who said it was the best one she ever saw. Then my father came out of the forge—putting things away for the Sabbath, you know, shutting things away—and he saw what we'd been up to and came over and stood in front of it. I can see him now, so tall, with his big brown beard. We were proud of that snowman, and I guess we were waiting for praise. 'Very good, boys,' he said." Here my grandfather's voice turned deep and impressive. "'That's a fine snowman. It's too bad you put him in front of the shed. You can take him down now.'" My grandfather laughed. "Of course, we felt bad, but we felt silly, too. The back of that snowman was almost touching the carriage we drove to church in. We were tired with making it, and I guess we were tired when we came in for supper! I suppose that was the last snowman I ever made."

I loved him to tell his stories. His voice filled the whitewashed, cobwebby tieup. I loved his imitations, and the glimpses of an old time. In this story I thought my great-grandfather sounded cruel; there must have been some *other* way to get to church. But I didn't really care. I never really got upset by my grandfather's stories, no matter what happened in them. All the characters were fabulous, and none more so than his strong blacksmith father, who had fought at Vicksburg.

My grandfather was milking now, not heavily dressed against the cold but most of the time wedged between the bodies of two huge Holsteins, which must have given off a good bit of heat. The alternate streams of milk went *swush-swush* from his fists into the pail, first making a tinny sound and then softening and becoming more liquid as the pail filled. When he wasn't speaking, he leaned his head on the rib cage of a cow, the visor of his cap turned around to the back like a baseball catcher's. When he spoke, he tilted his head back and turned toward me. He sat on an old easy chair with the legs cut off, while I had taken down a three-legged stool from a peg on the wall. We talked about the hurricane a bit, and he made jokes about "Harry Cane" and "Si Clone." Whenever the pail was full, he would take it to the milk room and strain it into the big milk can, which the truck would pick up later in the day. We went from cow to cow, from Sally to Spot to Betty to Alice Weaver. And then we were done. While the last milk strained into the big can, I helped my grandfather clean out the tieup, hoeing the cowflops through the floor and onto the manure heap under the barn. Then he fitted tops on the milk cans and craned them onto his wheelbarrow. I unlatched the door and we went out into the snow.

The trenches that I had scraped with my galoshes were filled in. The boulder that Washington Woodward had rolled over the roots of the elm wore a thick white cap; it looked like an enormous snowball. The air was a chaff of white motes, the tiny dry flakes. (I remembered last summer in the barn, sneezing with the fine dust while my grandfather pitched hay.) The iron wheel of the wheelbarrow made a narrow cut in the snow, and spun a long delicate arc of snow forward. Our four boots made a new trail. Crossing the road to the platform on the other side, we hardly knew where the road began and the ditch ended. We were all alone, with no trace of anything else in the world. We came back to the kitchen for breakfast, slapping our hands and stamping our feet, exhilarated with cold and with the first snow of the winter.

I smelled the doughnuts when we opened the door from the shed to the kitchen. My father was standing in the kitchen, wearing a light sweater over an open-neck shirt, smoking his before-breakfast cigarette. On the stove, the fat was bubbling, and I could see the circles of dough floating and turning brown. When she saw me, my grandmother tossed a few more doughnuts into the fat, and I watched them greedily as they floated among the bubbles. In a moment, my mother came downstairs, and we all ate doughnuts and drank milk and coffee.

"Is it going to snow all day?" my father asked my grandfather.

"It looks so," said my grandfather.

"I hope the girls can get through," said my grandmother. She always worried about things. My mother's schoolteacher sisters were expected that night.

"They will, Katie," said my grandfather.

"They have chains, I suppose," said my father.

"Oh, yes," said my grandfather, "and they're good drivers."

"Who else is coming?" I asked.

"Uncle Luther," said my grandfather, "and Wash. Wash will have to find his way down Ragged."

THAT morning after breakfast, my Aunt Caroline arrived, and before noon my Aunt Nan. Each of them talked with me for a while, and then each of them was absorbed by the kitchen and preparations for tomorrow's dinner. I kept looking at the presents under both trees—a pile for the grownups under the branches of the big tree, and almost as many under mine. After lunch, Nan drove up to "Sabine," a little house three-quarters of a mile north, and came back with Uncle Luther. He was my grandmother's older brother, a clergyman who had retired from his city parish and was preaching at the little South Danbury church that we went to in New Hampshire. My grandfather disappeared for a while—nobody would tell me where he was—and a little later my grandmother was plucking feathers from a hen named Old Rusty that had stopped laying eggs. Then my grandfather dressed up in a brown suit, because it was Christmas Eve, and read a novel by Kathleen Norris. My father read magazines or paced up and down with a cigarette. I must have seemed restless, because after a while my father plucked one of my presents from under my tree and told me to open it. It was a Hardy Boys mystery. I sat in the living room with my father and grandfather and read a Christmas book.

By four-thirty, it was perfectly dark, and the snow kept coming. When I looked out the sitting-room window, past the light the windows cast into the front yard, I saw darkness with shadows of snow upon it. Inside the cup of light, the snow floated like feathers. It piled high on the little round stones on each side of the path from the driveway. Farther on in the darkness I could see the dark toadstool of the birdbath weighted down under an enormous puff of whiteness. I went to the kitchen window to look at our car, but there was only a car-shaped drift of snow, with indentations for front windows.

It was time for milking again. My grandfather bundled up with extra socks and sweaters and scarves, and long boots over his suit trousers, and my grandmother pinned his coat around his neck with a huge safety pin. She always fretted about his health. She had also been fretting for an hour over Washington Woodward. (Wash had been sort of an older brother to her when she was a little girl; his family had been poor, and had farmed him out to the Keneston cousins.)

My grandfather stepped out the shed door and sank into the snow. He started to take big steps toward the barn when suddenly he stopped and we heard him shout, "Katie! Donnie! Look!" Peering out the shed window, we could just see my grandfather in the reflected light from the kitchen. He was pointing past that light, and while we watched, a figure moved into it, pacing slowly with a shuffling sort of gait. Then the figure said "Wesley!" and started talking, and we knew it was Wash.

It would have been hard to tell what it was if it hadn't talked. Wash looked as if he was wearing six coats, and the outermost was the pelt of a deer. He shot one every winter and dried its pelt on the side of his hut; I think the pelts served to keep out the wind, for one thing. His face was almost covered

Whitney Darrow Jr.

"They're back __*again.*__ *This time no bourbon in the eggnog."*

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with horizontal brown strips of cloth, covered with snow now. There was just a slit for the eyes. The same sort of strips, arranged vertically, fastened his cap to his head and tied under his chin.

When he shuffled up to the shed door, my grandmother opened it. "Snowshoes," she said. "I knew that's how you'd do it, maybe." She laughed—with relief I suppose, and also at Wash's appearance. Wash was talking, of course—he was always talking—but I didn't notice what he said. I was too busy watching him take off his snowshoeing clothes. First, standing in the doorway but still outside, he stripped three gloves from each hand and tossed them ahead of him into the shed. It was even cold for us to stand watching him in the open door, but Wash had to take off his snowshoes before he could come inside. His thick, cold fingers fumbled among leather thongs. Finally, he stood out of them, banged them against the side of the house to shake the snow off them, and stepped inside. As we closed the shed door, I saw my grandfather trudge up the blue hill toward the barn.

A single naked light bulb burned at the roof of the shed. Wash stamped his feet and found his gloves and put them on a table. All the time, his voice went on and on. "About there, McKenzie's old place, my left shoe got loose. I had to stop there by the big rock and fix it. It took me a while, because I didn't have a good place to put my foot. Well, I was standing there pretty quiet, getting my breath, when a red fox came sniffing along. . . ."

Now he began taking off the layers of his clothing. He unknotted the brown bands around his face, and they turned into long socks. "How do you like these, Katie?" he interrupted himself. "You gave them to me last Christmas, and I hain't worn them yet." He went on with his story. When all the socks were peeled off, they revealed his beard. Beards were rare in 1938. I saw a few in New Hampshire, usually on old men. Washington shaved his beard every spring and grew it again in the fall, so I knew two Washington Woodwards—the summer one and the winter one. The beard was brown gray, and it served him most of the winter instead of a scarf. It was quite full already and it wagged as he talked. His eyes crinkled in the space left between the two masses of his beard and his hair. Wash never cut his hair in winter, either—also for the sake of the warmth. He thought we should use the hair God gave us before we went to adding other things.

He unwound himself now, taking off the pelt of the deer, which was frozen and stiff, and then a series of coats and jackets. Then there was a pair of overalls, and then I saw that he had wrapped burlap bags around his shins and thighs, underneath the legs of the overalls, and tied them in place with bits of string. It took him a long time to undo the knots, but he refused to cut them away with a knife; that would have been a waste. Then he was down to his boots, his underneath overalls, his old much mended shirt, and a frail brown cardigan over it. He took off his boots, and we walked through the kitchen and into the living room.

Everyone welcomed Wash, and we heard him tell about his four-hour walk down Ragged on snowshoes, about the red fox and the car he saw abandoned. "Come to think of it," my father said, "I haven't heard any traffic going past."

Wash interrupted his own monologue. "Nothing can get through just now. It's a bad storm. I suppose Benjamin's plow broke down again. Leastways we're all here for the night."

"Snowbound," said my Uncle Luther.

"Got the wood in?" Washington asked my grandfather.

Aunt Nan recited:

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat . . ."

She giggled when she was through.

Aunt Caroline said, "I remember when we had to learn that."

"Miss Headley," my mother said. She turned to me. "Do you have that in school? It's John Greenleaf Whittier, 'Snow-Bound.' "

"Are we really snowbound?" I said. I liked the idea of it. I felt cozy and protected, walled in by the snow. I wanted it to keep on snowing all winter, so that I wouldn't have to go back to Connecticut and school.

"If we have to get out, we'll get out," my father said quickly.

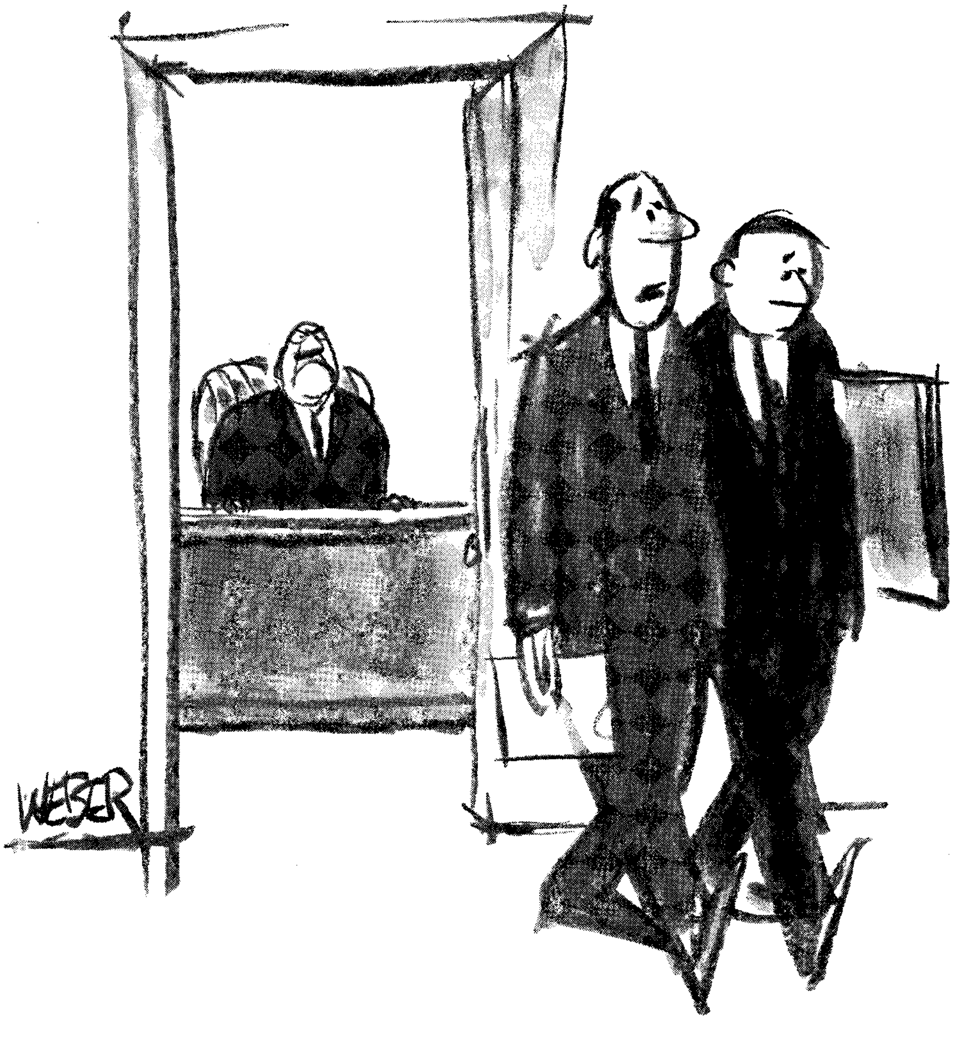
In a moment, my grandfather came in from the milking, his cheeks red from the cold. My grandmother and her daughters went out to the kitchen, and the men added leaves to the dining-room table. We sat down to eat, and Uncle Luther said grace. On the table, the dishes were piled high with boiled potatoes and carrots and stringbeans, boiled beef, and white bread. Everyone passed plates to and fro and talked all at once. My two aunts vied over me, teasing and praising.

"How was the hurricane up your way?" I heard my father say to Wash. He had to interrupt Wash to say it, but it was the only way you could ever ask Wash a question.

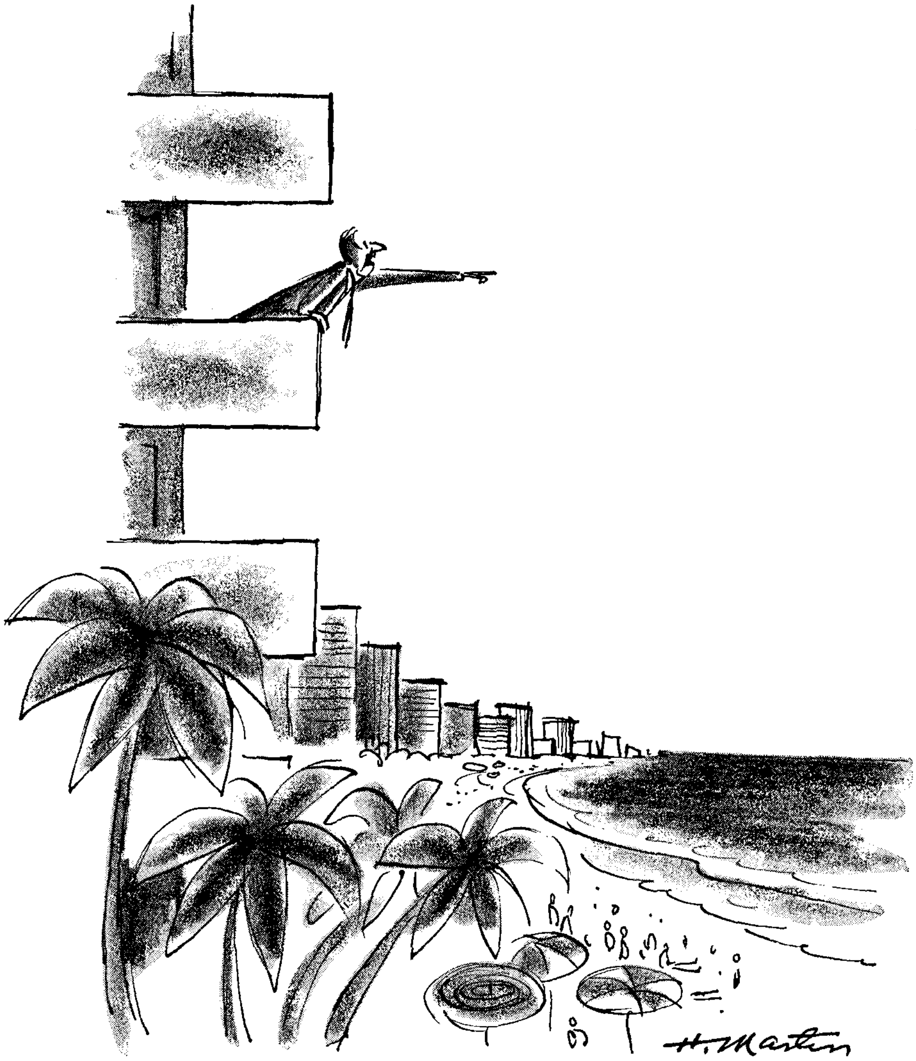
As I'm sure my father expected, it got Wash started. "I was coming back from chasing some bees—I found the hive, all right, but I needed a ladder—and I saw the sky looking mighty peculiar down over South Pasture way, and . . ." He told every motion he made, and named every tree that fell on his land and the land of his neighbors. When he spoke about it, the hurricane took on a sort of malevolent personality, like someone cruel without reason.

The rest of the table talked hurricane, too. My grandfather told about a rowboat that somehow moved half a mile from its pond. My aunts talked about their towns, my father of how the tidal wave had wrecked his brother's island off the Connecticut coast. I told about walking home from school with a model airplane in my hand and how a gust of wind took it out of my hand and whirled it away and I never found it. (I didn't say that my father bought me another one the next day.) I had the sudden vision of all of us—the whole family, from Connecticut to New Hampshire—caught in the same storm. Suppose a huge wind had picked us up in its fists? . . . We might have met over Massachusetts.

AFTER supper, we moved to the living room. In our family, the grownups had their presents on Christmas Eve, and the children had Christmas morning all to themselves. (In 1938, I was the only child there was.) I was excited. The fire in the open stove burned hot, the draft ajar at the bottom and the flue open in the chimney. We heard the wind blowing out-



"It isn't increased sales he wants. It's love."



"Sail ho!"

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side in the darkness and saw white flakes of snow hurtle against the black windowpanes. We were warm.

I distributed the presents, reading the names on the tags and trying to keep them flowing evenly. Drifts of wrapping paper rose beside each chair, and on laps there were new Zane Grey books, toilet water, brown socks and work shirts, bars of soap, and bracelets and neckties. Sentences of package-opening ("Now *what* could *this* be?") gave way to sentences of appreciation ("I certainly can use some handkerchiefs, Caroline!"). The bright packages were combed from the branches of the big tree, and the floor was bare underneath. My eyes kept moving toward the pile under and around the small tree.

"Do you remember the oranges, Katie?" said Uncle Luther.

My grandmother nodded. "Didn't they taste good!" she said. She giggled. "I can't think they taste like that anymore."

My grandfather said, "Christmas and town meeting, that's when we had them. The man came to town meeting and sold them there, too." He was talking to me. "They didn't have oranges much in those days," he said. "They were a great treat for the children at Christmas."

"Oranges and popcorn balls," said my grandmother.

"And clothes," said Uncle Luther. "Mittens and warm clothes."

My grandfather went out into the kitchen, and we heard him open the door. When he came back, he said, "It's snowing and blowing still. I reckon it's a blizzard, all right. It's starting to drift."

"It won't be like '88," Uncle Luther said. "It's too early in the year."

"What month was the blizzard of '88?" said my father.

Uncle Luther, my grandfather, and my grandmother all started to talk at once. Then my grandparents laughed and deferred to Uncle Luther. "March 11th to 14th," he said. "I guess Nannie would have remembered, all right." My great-aunt Nannie, who had died earlier that year, was a sister of Uncle Luther and my grandmother.

"Why?" said my father. "Was she in it?"

"She was teaching school, a little school back of Grafton, in the hills. She used to tell this story every time it started to snow, and we teased her for saying it so much. It snowed so hard and drifted so deep Nannie wouldn't let her scholars go home. All of them, and Nannie, too, had to spend the night. They ran out of wood for the stove, and she wouldn't let anyone outside to get more wood—she was afraid he'd get lost in the snow and the dark—so they broke up three desks, the old-fashioned kind they used to have in those old schoolhouses. She said those boys really loved to break up those desks and see them burn. In the morning, some of the farmers came and got them out."

For a moment, everyone was quiet—I suppose, thinking of Nannie. Then my father—my young father, who is dead now—spoke up: "My father likes to tell about the blizzard of '88, too. They have a club down in Connecticut that meets once a year and swaps stories about it. He was a boy on the farm out in Hamden, and they drove the sleigh all the way into New Haven the next day. The whole country was nothing but snow. They never knew whether they were on a road or not. They went right across Lake Whitney, on top of fences and all. It took them eight hours to go the four miles."

"We just used to call it the big snow," said my grandmother. "Papa was down in Danbury, or maybe it was Andover, for town meeting. Everybody was gone away from home overnight, because it was town meeting everyplace. Then in the morning he came back on a wild engine."

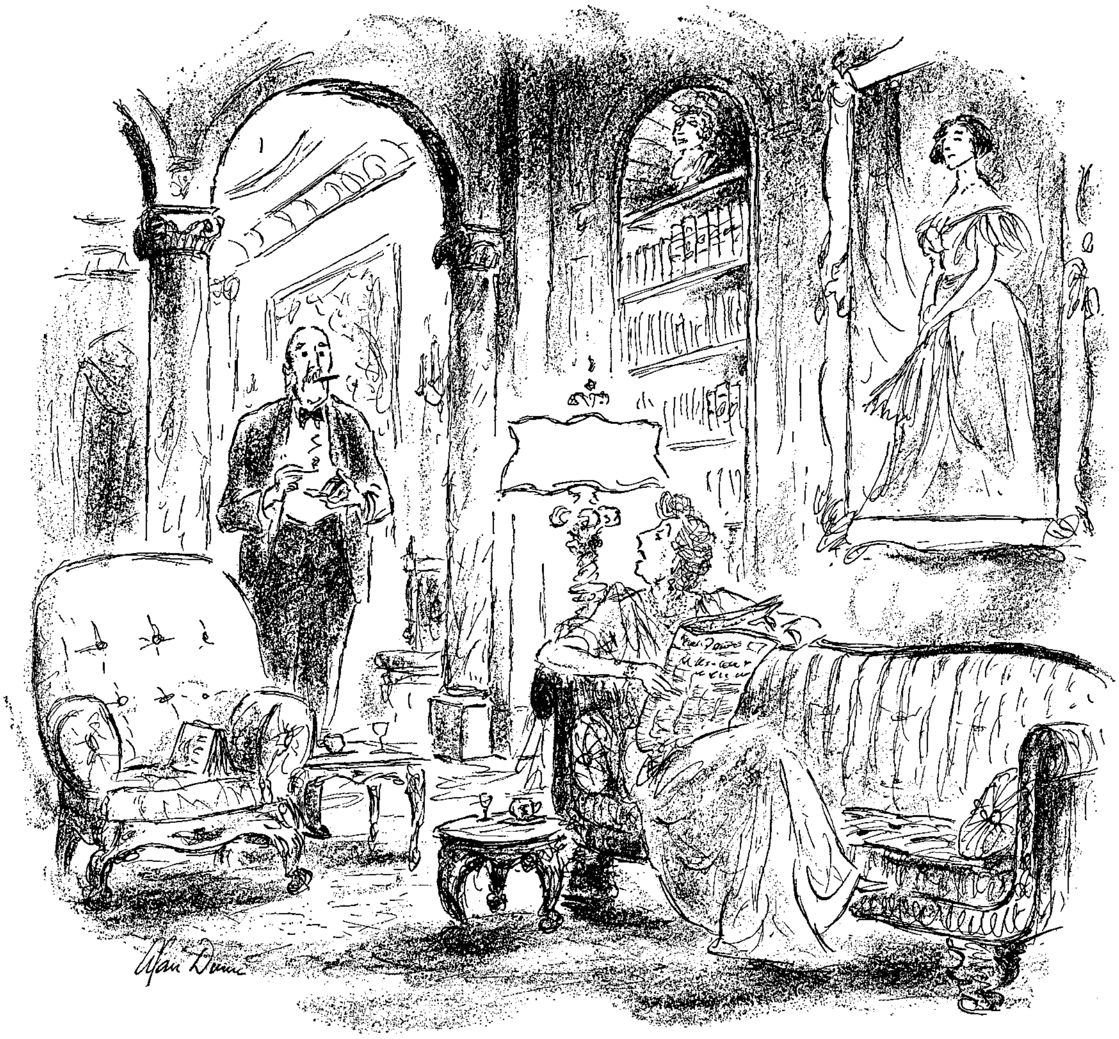
I looked at my grandfather.

"An engine that's loose—that's not pulling anything," he explained.

"It stopped to let him off right down there," my grandmother continued. She pointed through the parlor, toward the front door and across the road and past the chickens and sheep, to the railroad track a hundred yards away. "In back of the sheep barn. Just for him. We were excited about him riding the wild engine."

"My father had been to town meeting, too," said my grandfather. "He tried to walk home along the flats and the meadow, but he had to turn back. When it was done, my brothers and I walked to town on the tops of stone walls. You couldn't see the stones, but you could tell from how the snow lay."

Suddenly I could see the three young



"I'm sure that people we know wouldn't want to belong to the Great Society."

• •

men, my grandfather in the lead, single-filing through the snow, bundled up and their arms outstretched, balancing like tightrope walkers.

Washington spoke, and made it obvious that he had been listening. He had broken his monologue to hear. "I remember that snow," he said.

I settled down for the interminable story. It was late and I was sleepy. I knew that soon the grownups would notice me and pack me off to bed.

"I remember it because it was the worst day of my life," said Wash.

"What?" said my father. He only spoke in surprise. No one expected anything from Wash but harangues of process—how I moved the rock, how I shot the bear, how I snowshoed down Ragged.

"It was my father," said Wash. "He hated me." (Then I remembered, dimly, hearing that Wash's father was a cruel man. The world of cruel fathers was as far from me as the world of stepmothers who fed poisoned apples to stepdaughters.) "He hated me from the day I was born."

"He wasn't a good man, Wash," said my grandmother. She always understated everything, but this time I saw her eyes flick over at me, and I realized that she was afraid for me—for my innocence, I suppose. Then I looked around the room and saw that all the eyes except Washington's were glancing at me.

"That Christmas, '87," Washington said, "the Kenestons' folks" (he meant my grandmother's family) "gave me skates. I'd never had any before. And they were the good, new, steel kind, not the old iron ones where you had to have an iron plate fixed to your shoe. There were screws on these, and you just clamped them to your shoes. I was fifteen years old."

"I remember," said Uncle Luther. "They were my skates, and then I broke my kneecap and I couldn't skate anymore. I can almost remember the name."

"Peck & Snider," said Wash. "They were Peck & Snider skates. I skated whenever I didn't have chores. That March 10th, I skated for maybe I thought the last time that year, and I hung them on a nail over my bed in the loft when I got home. I was skating late, by the moon, after chores. My legs were good then. In the morning, I slept late—I was tired—and my father took my skates away because I was late for chores. That was the day it started to snow."

"What a terrible thing to do," said my grandfather.

"He took them out to the pond where I skated," said Wash, "and he made me watch. He cut a hole in the ice with his hatchet. It was snowing already. I begged him not to, but he dropped those Peck & Snider skates into the water, right down out of sight into Eagle Pond."

Uncle Luther shook his head. No one said anything. My father looked at the floor.

Washington was staring straight ahead, fifteen years old again and full of hatred. I could see his mouth moving inside the gray-brown beard. "We stayed inside for four days. Couldn't open a door for the snow. I always hated the snow. I had to keep looking at him."

After a minute when no one spoke, Aunt Caroline turned to me and talked about the presents under my tree, making silly guesses: "I bet that's a doll." I recognized diversionary tactics. Other voices took up separate conversations around the room. Then my mother leaped upon me, saying it was *two hours* past my bedtime, and in five minutes I was warming my feather bed, hearing the grown-up voices dim and far away like wind, like the wind and snow outside my window.

—DONALD HALL

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Having completed his degree requirements in three and a half years, Mr. Reben was accepted to the philosophy honors program. He was social chairman of his college dormitory, a member of the college debating club, the Young Democrat club, the Young Republican club and the Democrat Socialist club.—*Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) Journal.*

He ought to make a good customer's man.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST OF THE KEYS

Elliott Key and its several smaller neighbors—Sands Key, Totten Key, Old Rhodes Key, Porgy Key, Adams Key, Reid Key, Meigs Key, the Rubicon Keys, and Caesar's Rock—are a string of densely wooded coral islands, lying some eight or nine miles off the southeastern coast of Florida, at the mouth of Biscayne Bay. They are among the northernmost of the Florida keys, and the only ones of any size that are accessible solely by boat. They are also the only ones of any size that have so far escaped development. They are roadless, waterless, and practically uninhabited. It is the hope of many people in Florida and elsewhere that these little islands may remain unspoiled, and this hope is shared by the Department of the Interior. The department has recently proposed that they be acquired and preserved for public enjoyment as a national monument—Islandia National Monument.

I had my first glimpse of the Islandia keys from a National Park Service launch. It was around eight o'clock on a bright, blue morning, and we were crawling down a canal that starts near the mainland town of Homestead and leads eastward into Biscayne Bay. My companions were a young Everglades National Park ranger named George Schesventer; a fishery biologist named Richard K. Robinson, from the United States Fish and Wildlife Service office at Vero Beach; and a National Park Service landscape architect named Robert L. Steenhagen. Steenhagen, like me, was a visitor to Florida; his office is in Philadelphia. He sat alone in the stern of the boat in the shade of a big, floppy planter's hat. Robinson and I stood forward with Schesventer, who was at the wheel. Far away across the shining waters of the bay, a dark-green line lay along the faded-blue horizon.

"That's it," Schesventer told me. "That's Islandia. Most of what you see—all that line of land straight ahead—is Elliott Key. Don't let it fool you, though. It looks a lot bigger than it is. Elliott Key is a good seven miles long, but you can walk across it in about five minutes. I doubt if it's half a mile wide. Still, compared to the others, it's huge. It's five times the size of Sands Key or Totten Key, and at least ten times the size of Porgy and Reid and the rest. It's a hundred times the size of Caesar's Rock."

"Caesar's Rock doesn't have to be big," Robinson said. "It's famous. You've heard of Edward Teach—the pirate they called Blackbeard. Well, his chief lieutenant was a Negro named Caesar—or Black Caesar—and Caesar's Rock is where he used to careen his ship when it needed repairs. There's a rock ledge there, and he sank a couple of iron rings in it to run his lines through. I understand they've got the rings in a museum around here somewhere."

"Elliott Key has some history, too," Schesventer said. "They tell me Audubon stopped off there on his trip from St. Augustine to Dry Tortugas. And General John C. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War, is supposed to have hidden out there on his flight to Cuba after Appomattox. Some people say he had what was left of the Confederate treasury with him."

"Some people say there's treasure on Caesar's Rock," Robinson said.

We emerged from the canal into Biscayne Bay and made our way down an avenue of channel stakes. On each of the stakes sat a bird. Most of the birds were big black cormorants. The others were big royal terns. They opened their wings and jumped listlessly into the air as we passed, and then dropped listlessly back on the stakes. Schesventer increased the throttle. The bow came up, the wake fanned out, and the launch took a giant step. Steenhagen grabbed his hat. We cleared the channel in a rush of wind, and the water turned a blinding turquoise green.

"I thought we'd start with Sands Key," Schesventer said. "That's it coming up on the left. It looks like just more of Elliott Key, but they're separated by a little pass. Sands Cut, they call it. We'll see it in a minute or two. Sands Key is real interesting. It's got one of the few good stands of big mahogany left on the keys, and it's got the only sandy ocean beach."

"Is that why they call it Sands Key?" I said.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said.

"I would," Robinson said. " 'Sands' is a corruption of 'Saunders.' A family named Saunders owned it originally. It's the same with Elliott Key. I mean, its name is another corruption. The old maps list it as Ellicott Key."

"Is that right?" Schesventer said. "That's real interesting, Dick. It really is."

A break appeared in the wall of greenery ahead. It broadened into a corridor of bright-blue water leading to the ocean. Schesventer gave the wheel a turn, and we headed north. Sands Cut shrank and disappeared, and Sands Key began to take shape. The wall of greenery became individual trees, and the trees became mangroves, their centipede trunks standing knee-deep in the waters of the bay. There was no beach. All the trees along the shore were mangroves, but here and there in the distance was the dome of a big mahogany or the feathery spire of an Australian pine. Steenhagen came up from the stern.

"Look at all that Australian pine," he said. "I didn't know it had spread to the keys. That's a heck of a note."

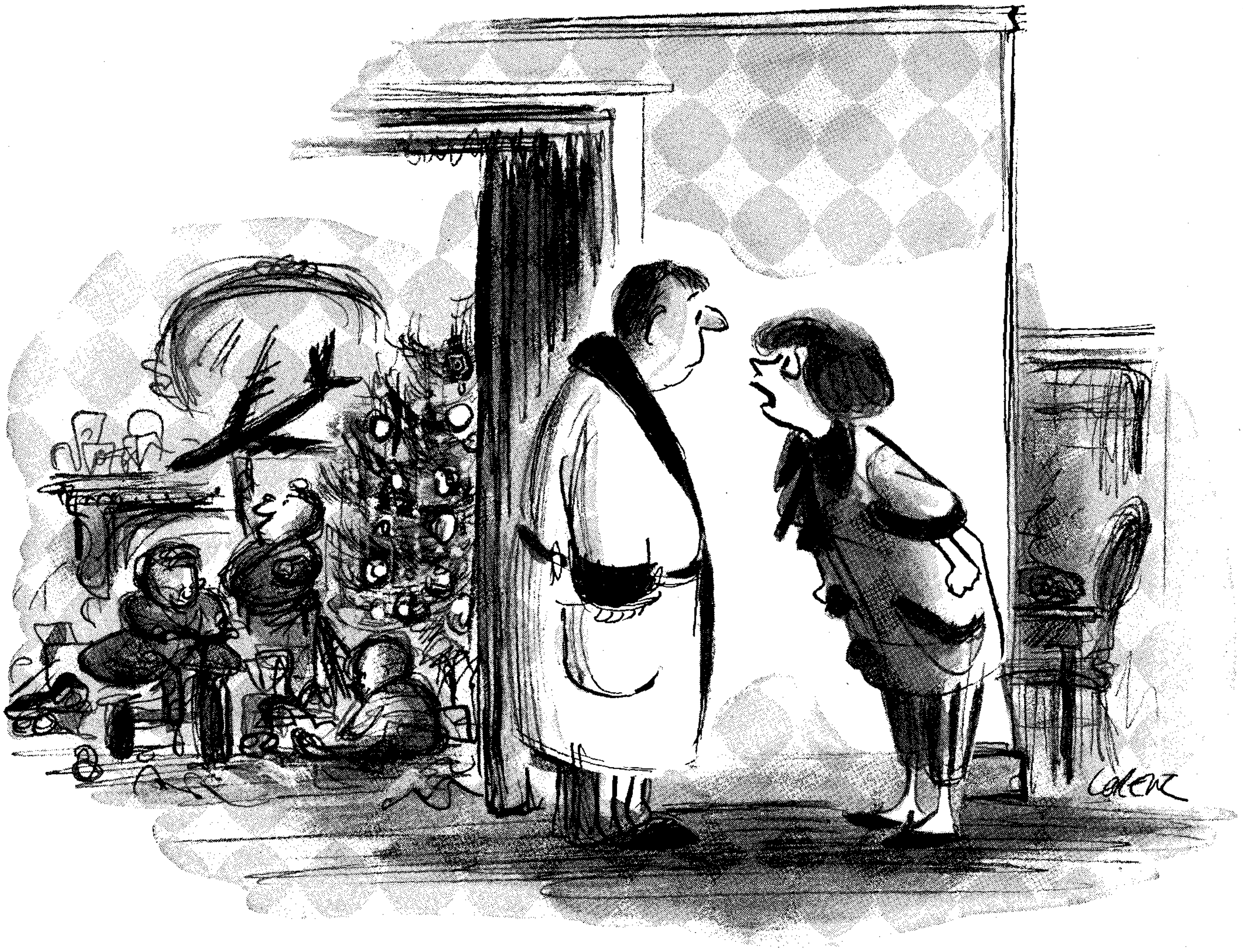
"It's practically everywhere," Schesventer said.

"We'll have to get rid of it," Steenhagen said. "It doesn't belong on these keys, and we don't want it. We don't want exotics here. We want to preserve the indigenous flora. That's the whole point of the Monument."

"I agree," Schesventer said. "It's a nuisance, all right. But the funny thing is it's really not a bad tree. It's a hardwood tree and it grows fast and it's pretty to look at. The only trouble is that it spreads. They tell me it started with a handful of seeds that somebody brought in from Australia in a Bull Durham tobacco sack about forty years ago. It took over like a weed. There must have been a niche just waiting for it."

"Actually, it isn't even a pine," Robinson said. "It's a variety of casuarina—what they call 'willow' on the Caribbean islands."

We rounded a point, and a narrow inlet came into view. Schesventer eased the



"When we agreed not to give each other anything, I certainly didn't mean nothing at all."

• •

throttle. We crept into the mouth of the inlet and under a canopy of mangroves. It was dark beneath the arching trees, and breathlessly hot, and the only sound was the muffled rumble of the engine. After fifty yards or so, the inlet widened and became a marshy cove. Mangrove thickets lined its shores, but there were occasional cavelike clearings among the trees, and at one of the clearings stood a little platform pier. The sun came blazing back, and the air was hotter and heavier than ever. There was a sudden flash of white across the water. It was a big white bird with trailing yellow legs and a six-foot spread of wings. It flapped away behind a screen of trees.

"Hoo!" Schesventer said. "How about that? A great white heron! Audubon's great white heron! I call that quite a sight. You very seldom see one of those fellows anywhere but around these lonely keys. They nest in the mangroves."

"I don't plan to touch the mangroves," Steenhagen said.

Schesventer brought the launch alongside the pier. We made fast and climbed ashore. A gravelly path of gray fossil coral led up through the crowding mangroves toward the ocean. Robinson took the lead, and we followed him into a sweltering twilight. For a moment, it was like being back in the inlet. Then, thirty or forty yards from the pier, the mangroves thinned and petered out. In their place was a hardwood jungle—mahogany, Australian pine, buttonwood, lignum vitae, and a handsome tree with pale-gray bark and shiny green leaves that I had never seen before.

"That's another native of the keys," Schesventer said. "You find it only here and on the Caribbean islands. They call it a white stopper. It's got a smell at certain seasons that can stop you in your tracks. Which is how it got its name, I guess."

"It smells like a skunk," Robinson said.

"That's right," Schesventer said. "It does. But the interesting thing is the *fact* of this stand of hardwoods. It's a perfect lesson in ecology. The reason these trees are growing here is a little hummock that forms the spine of the island. It gives them a possible environment. I doubt whether the elevation here is much more than a foot above that back there at the pier, but those few inches make a world of difference."

"They make a different world," Robinson said. "And so would almost any development of these keys. That's what we want to avoid. That's the one big reason for the Monument."

"The only development I plan is to keep things just the way they are," Steenhagen said. "Except, of course, for those Australian pines."

There was a dazzle of sunlight up ahead. The hardwood jungle ended, the path dropped down through a sea-grape thicket, and we came out onto a narrow strip of chalky shell-sand beach. We stood and looked at the ocean. It was as calm and blue and empty as the sky. A steady breeze came off the water. I could feel the sweat of the cove and the jungle drying on my

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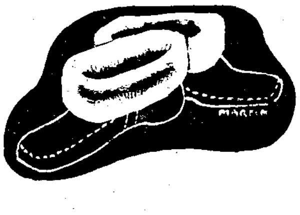
face. Steenhagen took off his planter's hat and gave a grunt of satisfaction.

Robinson lighted a cigarette. "Well," he said, "where do we go from here?"

"How about down to the Cut?" Schesventer said. "It's only about a mile."

"I'd like to see the Cut," Steenhagen said.

We moved off through the powdery sand. It was intensely white in the glare of the sun, and it had the feel underfoot of dust. The beach it formed wasn't much of a bathing beach. From the puddles at the waterline to the brushy banks of the jungle, it was hardly the width of a sidewalk, and it was strewn with seaborne litter. But it made a wonderful walk. We picked our way over waterlogged planks and coconut husks and coral shards and barkless logs and lobster buoys and seaweed wreaths and fish skeletons and tattered sponges and snakes of tarry rope and conch shells and the purple sausage balloons of Portuguese men-of-war. Schesventer stopped and bent over.



"Remember those old drawings of Robinson Crusoe in his pointed cap?" he said. "This is what I've always figured he wore." He held up a shaggy conical sponge. "All he had to do was shop around until he found one that fitted. I thought we might do some snorkeling after lunch. You'll see plenty of it growing then." He hung the sponge on an overhanging branch. "Basket sponge is what they call it."

"This beach is full of interesting loot," Robinson said. "You can find things here from all over the world. Like this." He touched with his toe the still recognizable remains of a white birch sapling. "Or this." He picked up a big round seed that looked like a flattened horse chestnut.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's one of the giant tropical beans," he said, and rubbed it briskly on his thigh. It shone like polished mahogany. "It's called a snuffbox bean. It grows all over northern South America. I've never seen it growing, but they say it's quite a sight. It grows on a climbing vine in seed pods three or four feet long."

"What about Indian artifacts?" Steenhagen asked.

"I dug up a sliver of bone along here once," Robinson said. "Somebody said it looked like Arawak work."

"There's an artifact for you," Schesventer said. He pointed to a flotsam bottle in the sand. It was made of green plastic and had white lettering across the face: "Mennen Spray Deodorant." He gave it a kick. "I don't think it's Arawak. It looks more like the work of the Miami tribe."

The brushy beach bank flattened out, and a tongue of mangroves ran down to the water's edge. Obviously, the curious calmness of the ocean here was permanent. The mangroves could never have established themselves on a stretch of beach that was repeatedly scoured by surf. No doubt there was a protective reef not far offshore. We left the beach and cut inland over a thick carpet of rubbery saltwort. The trade-wind breeze dwindled and died away. In the lee of the mangroves was a gravelly meadow bristling with prickly pear and dildo cactus and monstrous century plants. Some of the century plants were thirty feet high, and, with their armor of green and reddish scales, they had a stark, unearthly aspect. They looked like giant stalks of asparagus. There was a rustling at the edge of the jungle, and a boat-tailed grackle sailed out of the trees. Schesventer spun around.

"There he goes," he said. "Look at him go!"

"Who?" I said. "That grackle?"

"No," he said. "No. Over there, in that gumbo-limbo tree. That black squirrel. He's heading down that bottom branch."

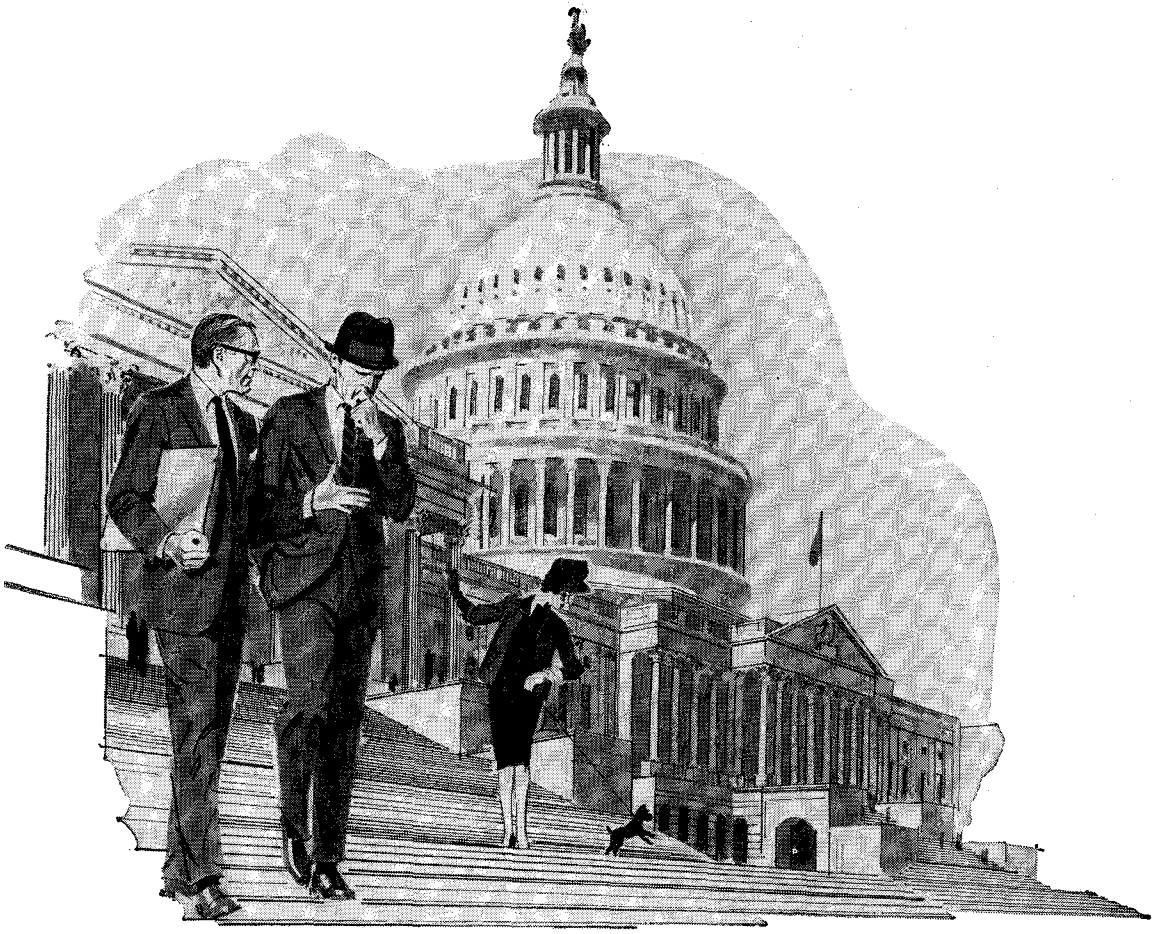
I thought I saw a shadowy movement. Then it was gone. There was a distant rustle of leaves.

"Did you see him?" Schesventer asked.

"I got a glimpse," I said.

"Too bad," he said. "That was another specialty of these keys. Man, he was a beauty! And a big one, too. If you didn't know, you could almost have taken him for a big black cat."

We came out on the beach again. The breeze returned, but not for long. Our way was soon blocked by another clump of oceanic mangroves, and behind the mangroves was another sweltering meadow. At the end of the meadow, framed in jungle greenery, was the bright-blue water of Sands Cut. The Sands Key beach along the Cut was a spit of rough-and-tumble coral. On Elliott Key, a hundred yards or so across the water, there was only a wall of mangroves. We walked out on the spit. The rocks at the end of the spit were overgrown with bright-col-



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ored snails and barnacles. Ahead of us, the bottom shelved off steeply, but the water was very clear, and I could see turtle grass growing there. A pair of silver mullet were browsing through the waving grass.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Schesventer said.

"It's beautiful," Steenhagen said.

"It makes a nice walk," Robinson said. "The only trouble is, it's the end of the line. We've got to go back the way we came. You can't get through on the bay side. That part of the island is nothing but jungle and swamp." He lighted a cigarette. "I don't mean we couldn't possibly get through," he said. "I guess we could if we had to. The conquistadors did—and in full armor. I often think of those old Spaniards when I see primitive jungle like this. I think of them sweating inside that heavy armor and hacking their way through these swamps. It gives you the creeps."

"It does for a fact," Schesventer said.

Robinson pitched his cigarette into the water. "Let's get back to the boat," he said. "I'm getting hungry."

We walked back along the beach and down the path to the boat. After the ocean breeze, the jungle and the cove seemed hotter than ever. There was no sign of the great white heron. Schesventer started the engine, and we moved across the cove and out of the inlet into the open water of the bay. We turned south. I stood in the breeze of the boat and watched the mangrove coast go by, and then Sands Cut. Then we were moving down the identical mangrove coast of Elliott Key. Schesventer looked at his watch.

"Twenty minutes to twelve," he said. "I'm getting hungry, too. Dade County has a little park and a small-boat anchorage about halfway along this side of Elliott Key. I thought we'd put in there for lunch. They don't have any drinking water, but the caretaker generally has some soda on ice, and it's nice sitting under the trees."

"I'm interested in that anchorage," Steenhagen said. "It sounds like a natural for us. My idea would be to make it the only entrance to the Monument. The only regular entrance, anyway."

"One entrance is plenty," Robinson said. He touched Schesventer on the shoulder. "Wait a minute, George. Slow down. I think I see something interesting. Just off to the right there. It looks like a bunch of sargassum weed."

"I think you're right," Schesventer said.

He slowed the throttle and gave the

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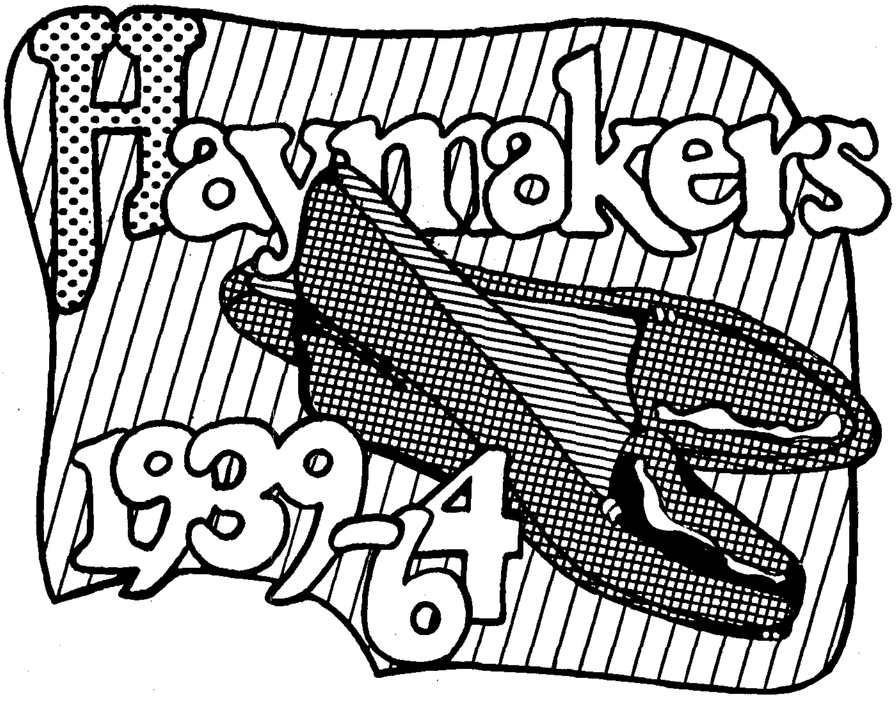

That crazy wedge from the Forties that still keeps walking along. 14.95, at chic stores yet.

wheel a turn. The launch slumped down to a crawl. Robinson leaned over the gunwale and came up with a dripping cluster of bulbous brown leaves and yellow berrylike floats.

"This is the alga that forms the Sargasso Sea," he said. "I mean, it ends up there. It grows on the rocks along the coast down here and in the West Indies until a storm comes along and tears it loose. Then it floats away on the Gulf Stream. But the interesting thing is the animal life it supports. Even a little bunch like this can be a whole ecology."

He gave the seaweed a twist and a shake, and a puddle of water spread across the deck. It teemed with tiny creatures. We squatted down around the puddle. There were pea-sized crabs and inch-long shrimp and half-inch shrimp and eighth-of-an-inch shrimp and crustaceans no bigger than grains of sand. The shrimp and the crustaceans were transparent. They looked gray against the gray of the deck. The crabs were brown and yellow—the colors of the weed. Schesventer turned back to the wheel. Robinson gathered up the crabs and the larger shrimp and tossed them overboard. He tossed the seaweed after them, and wiped his hands on his trousers.

"You'd be surprised how fast those things can stink up a boat," he said.

THE anchorage on Elliott Key was the lee of a point of land enclosed by a dogleg jetty made of coral rock. Part of the jetty had been surfaced, to serve as a landing wharf. There was a navigational light and marker at the end of the jetty and a boldly printed sign: "NO DOGS ALLOWED." A brown pelican was perched on top of the sign. It paid no attention to us. Two low white buildings faced the anchorage from a rough clearing. Around the clearing rose the jungle. We docked at the wharf near a battered cabin cruiser with trolling masts and a fighting chair. It was the only other boat in the anchorage. We walked up the wharf to a picnic table and two long benches in the shade of a big sapodilla tree. Robinson had our lunch in a brown paper bag. He spread it out on the table—cold baked beans, hard-boiled eggs, rat-trap cheese, and crackers. Schesventer went on to one of the buildings and came back with four bottles of cold root beer. We sat in the shade and ate our lunch and drank the root beer and watched the pelican dive for fish. It took off from the sign and soared, and then dived with its wings still spread. It hit the water with a tremendous splash and explosion. Robinson finished the

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last of his root beer and lighted a cigarette.

"You know something?" he said. "I'm still hungry."

"So am I," Schesventer said. "I'd like some dessert, and I think I know where there is some."

"Where?" Robinson asked.

"Follow me."

"Oh, you mean fruit," Robinson said. "That's a good idea."

I collected the empty bottles and the remains of our lunch and carried them over to a trash can at the foot of the wharf. A gray-haired woman came out on the deck of the cabin cruiser and watched me. She was chewing gum. I rejoined the others, and Schesventer led the way across the grass and across a field of beach morning glories and onto a jungle track. It was as still and dim and hot as the path through the Sands Key jungle. Nothing moved, and nothing came into sight. After about a mile, the jungle opened up and the track petered out. We emerged into a sunny little savanna. It was strewn with gray coral boulders, and among the boulders were patches of grass and scattered clumps of trees. Most of the trees were key lime trees, hung with tiny yellow fruit, but there were also several brilliantly fruited orange trees. Schesventer stopped and picked a couple of oranges. Then he moved on to what looked like a palm of some sort. It was a small tree with a long, slender trunk and a shaggy crown of big, starlike leaves, and just under the crown was a cluster of yellow fruit about the size and shape of eggplant. Schesventer looked at me, and then at Steenhagen, and then back at me again.

"You don't know what this is?" he said. "It's a papaya. Here—hold these a minute." He handed me the oranges, and turned and shinnied up the tree. He got a grip on a branch and tore loose three papayas. "Catch," he said, and let the papayas drop. Robinson caught two of them, and Steenhagen caught the other. He gave it a doubtful look.

"I think maybe I'll just have an orange," he said.

Schesventer slid back to the ground. "I wouldn't recommend it," he said. "These oranges here aren't regular oranges. They're wild oranges, and they're almost as sour as a lemon. I picked them to eat with the papayas. They go real good together."

He sat down on a boulder with a papaya and one of the oranges, and opened a horn-handled clasp knife. He quartered the orange and set the pieces aside. Then he skinned the papaya. The fruit beneath the heavy skin was the golden yellow of a ripe muskmelon. He cut the papaya into slices and passed them around and squeezed a few drops of orange juice on each. Steenhagen took a cautious bite of his slice.

"Not bad," he said.

"It's delicious," Schesventer said.

It *was* delicious. The papaya itself had no more flavor than an oyster, but it was soft and juicy and warm from the sun, and its blandness softened the bite of the bitter orange and gave it a curious tang. It tasted like nothing I had ever eaten before.

Schesventer skinned another papaya and stuck his knife in the fruit. "Help yourself when you're ready," he said, and stood up. "I'm going to pick a few limes for my wife. She's crazy about key-lime pie."

When we got back to the boat, the cabin cruiser was gone. So was the pelican. The only sign of life in the park was a little palm warbler scratching for food near the picnic table. We shoved off from the wharf and moved across the empty anchorage and around the jetty and headed down the mangrove coast. I found a seat in the stern and sat back with the breeze in my face. The mangrove coast ran on ahead as far as I could see. Robinson said something to Schesventer and squatted down behind the windshield and opened a locker drawer. He brought out four snorkel masks and four pairs of rubber flippers. Then he came back and dropped down on the seat beside me.

"How do you feel about some snorkeling?" he said. "We thought we'd put in just below that big point up ahead."

"I'd like it," I said.

"Good," he said. "I guarantee you'll like it here. There's more to the Monument than just these keys, you know. It also includes the waters around them. In my opinion, the water is at least as important as the land—particularly the water here on the bay side. It supports some of the prettiest marine gardens I've ever seen or ever hope to see. The prettiest and the biggest. They cover hundreds of acres. They run all the way from Sands Key down to Totten. And they're accessible. That's the unusual thing. The water all along this coast is only three or four feet deep for almost a mile offshore. Anybody can enjoy them—even kids. All you need

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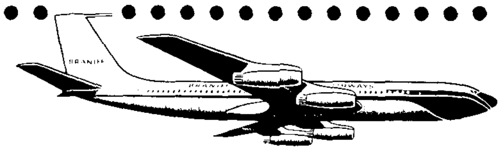

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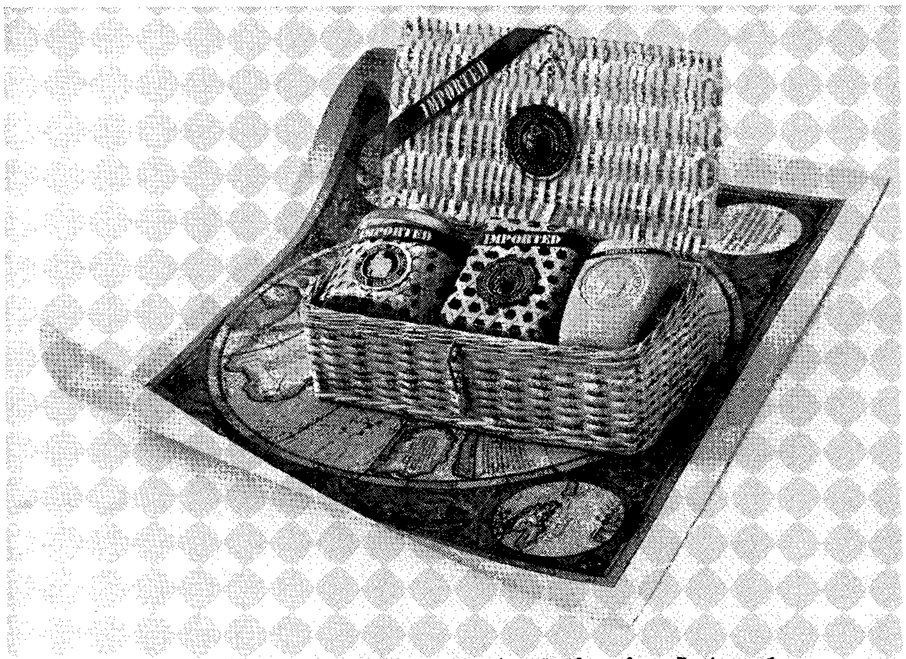

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is a snorkel. I'd hate to see anything happen to these gardens. They're largely why I'm so strong for the Monument. The only way to keep the gardens is to keep the keys unspoiled. You know how development works. It never leaves well enough alone. Even the most enlightened developer would want to clear and drain and fill and probably even bulkhead the mangrove swamps, and that, of course, would be the end of the gardens. Marine life depends in large part for its existence on coastal swamps and marshes. That's where a lot of the nutrients that feed and fertilize it originate. They flow out with every tide."

We came around the point and into a kind of bay. Six little cattle egrets rose up from an outpost mangrove and drifted down the shore and vanished among the trees. We moved slowly across the glassy blue water. It began to look very shallow. Schesventer beckoned Robinson and me forward. Relieved of our weight, the stern lifted a little, and the boat moved safely on for another fifty feet. Then Schesventer gave a grunt and cut the engine, and Steenhagen threw over the anchor. We were still almost a hundred yards from shore. I looked over the gunwale. We had anchored over a meadow of turtle grass, and I could see the long green blades bending like corn in a sudden breath of submarine breeze. Sponges grew among the clumps of grass. There were basket sponges like the one on the Sands Key beach, and big brown loggerhead sponges, two or three feet high, and, here and there, growing flat on the bottom, a flaming-scarlet fire sponge. I didn't see any fish or any turtles. The boat had probably frightened them away.

We changed into swimming trunks, and Robinson handed out the snorkel masks and the flippers. Schesventer hung a ladder over the side. I was the last to go down. The water came to about my thighs, and it was almost as warm as the air. It had a heavy, salty feel. I stood ankle-deep in velvety grass and gazed around. The others were drifting like logs toward the mangrove thickets along the shore. I pulled down my mask and sank into the water—and there was Robinson's garden. The grass and the sponges I had seen from the boat were only its shrubs and trees. Its flowers were corals and algae. I floated over a bed of tiny tulips. They were creamy white, with delicate pale-green stripes, and even in underwater magnification they looked no bigger than the blossoms of babies'-breath. Beyond the tulips was a spray of white coral fingers hung with pink and yellow sequins. The sifted light gave everything a silvery, moonlit clarity. A fire sponge blazed up ahead. I paddled gently toward it, and something moved at its edge. I recognized the stemmed eyes and the long antennae of a spiny lobster. It backed stealthily under the scarlet sponge.

A shadow fell across the water. I had reached the edge of the mangroves. A school of glass minnows burst around a clump of grass and disappeared in the sudden twilight. I stopped paddling and waited, and after a moment the twilight seemed to brighten. There were dim shafts of light in the distance. I moved on a little farther and peered in among the dangling mangrove roots and the rooted mangrove trunks. The roots and trunks were hung with barnacles and hairy moss and shiny creepers of algae, and the aisles between them were alive with fish. There were big spotted groupers. There were blue parrot fish and yellow parrot fish and green parrot fish. There were gray sailor's-choice, and gray French grunts with bright-red mouths and yellow fins. There were schools of fat mojarra and fingerling herring and foot-long mangrove snappers. They swam up to my mask and under my arms and down my back. I lay there and watched their comings and goings, and I had never seen anything so lovely. It was so lovely that I felt suddenly angry—angry at a possibility. I knew I would probably never visit these gardens again, but the thought that they might not always be here to be seen—that the effort to preserve them might fail—filled me with a kind of rage.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the White Plains Reporter-Dispatch*]

LITTLE AGE SEEKER
WANTS WHOLE TRUTH

LOUISVILLE, KY. (AP)—Mrs. Harry Muldovan's youngster proudly told a neighbor "I'm 4 years old today. How old are you?"

She smiled and replied: "I'm 5."

•

For just plain pretty, there were flower prints of cleanly outlined blooms of deep pink, blue, yellow and white, on a green ground. And a truly dramatic, all-over pattern in browns on white, just touched with aqua, was reminiscent of the French painter, Baroque.—*Boston Globe.*

He was the one that was such a drunk.

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THE THEATRE

LOW TIDE ALONG THE LITTORAL

CONEY ISLAND never provided any memorable scenes of my childhood or any other age, so despite the fact that I have occasionally and fleetingly glimpsed its dreary strand, it holds no nostalgic charm for me. But through the years it has been established as a place of great charm and gaiety by the creators of movies and musical comedies, mad for singing waiters and young lovers. How often have we heard those waiters hoarsely coursing a beery ballad and espied those young lovers eating hot dogs as ravenously as Nelson Rockefeller, chortling at the acquisition of a kewpie doll in a shooting gallery, whooping it up as passengers on a roller coaster, and cooing through the Tunnel of Love. Usually, these doings at Coney Island are merely incidental to some action initiated in a remote spot like Manhattan, but in "I Had a Ball," at the Martin Beck, the Brighton Beach Line cliché is made an end in itself; instead of concentrating on visiting romantics, the musical attempts to give us the inside dope on the seedy pitchmen and their chums who make possible all the meretricious merriment of the place. Regrettably, as described by Jerome Chodorov, who wrote the book, those who take the suckers in are even duller than their fun-seeking marks, and while they dance like dervishes and ululate like banshees to the music and lyrics of Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman, they never succeed in concealing the fact that they have been given very threadbare material to exploit. In condensed form—and I assure you that condensation is in order—Mr. Chodorov's theme has to do with a knave at the old spa who sets himself up as Garside, the Great Psychologist, and proceeds to give psychoanalytic readings to anybody willing to take a chance on his couch. Our faker also has a crystal ball, which he calls Sam, and which prognosticates the future for him, often erroneously. The device, indeed, goes so far wrong that it advises him to interfere in the lives of a loan shark, an under-the-boardwalk doxy, a toy-dog peddler, and the proprietress of a Ferris wheel, with all kinds of confusing results. Buddy Hackett plays the crystal-gazer, and Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are also prominent in the cast. "I Had a Ball" was directed by Lloyd Richards, and the dances and musical numbers were staged by Onna White. One of the latter, entitled "Faith," was fairly stimulating.

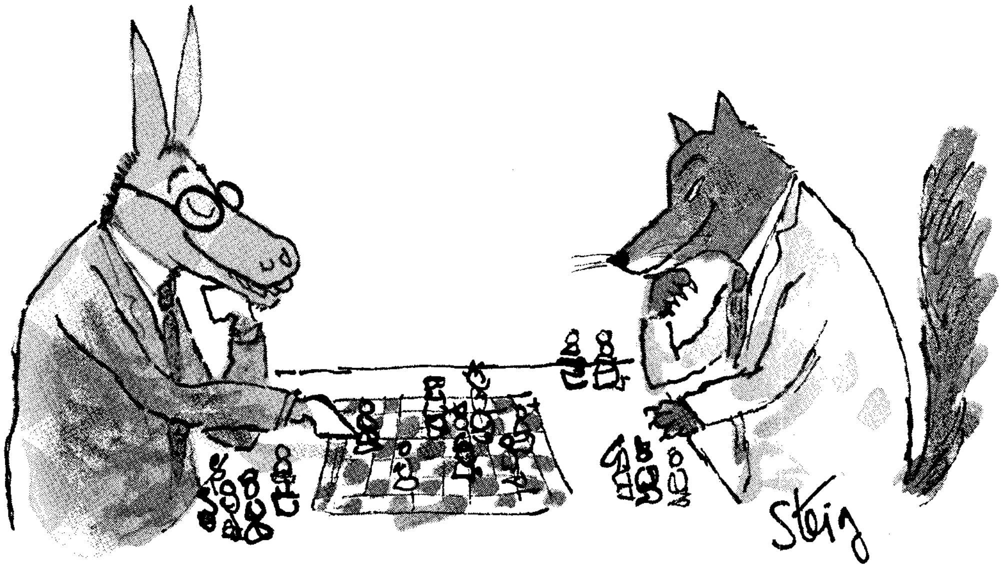
"BEYOND THE FRINGE '65," at the Ethel Barrymore for a limited engagement, is pretty much a reprise of the '64 version. It also contains a half-dozen sketches from the original "Beyond the Fringe" and, if my records are correct, two that are brand-new. The cast of four men—Robert Cessna, Joel Fabiani, James Valentine, and Donald Cullen—breaks precedent by being entirely non-English; three of them are Americans, and one is a Canadian. But in spite of their cisatlantic origins, they handle their material—the new Labour Government, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Great Train Robbery (the British one), Bertrand Russell, and so on—with as much style and sardonic verve as their transatlantic predecessors. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Bang! Pow! Nope!

LEROI JONES is the Negro poet and dramatist whose "Dutchman" of last spring told of a young Negro who was needled and goaded and finally murdered by a crazy white girl. That play, for all its faults, had wit and passion and rage and characters and surprises, even though it was a little shaky on motive. In "The Slave" and "The Toilet," which opened last week at the St. Marks, Mr. Jones' motivations are still thin, and he has switched the races; in "The Slave" it is the Negro who is mad and does the murdering, and in both plays it is the whites who take it on the chin. The wit is curdled by spite, the passion has dwindled into brutality and sexual swagger, the rage sounds prefabricated, the characters are nebulous, and the only surprise is that both plays are so boring, drowned in high-flown or low-flown words. It is almost incredible that a man with Mr. Jones' theatrical talent should ever become a bore, but on this occasion he has.

"The Slave" is a melodrama about a Negro poet who comes to the house of his former wife and her present husband, a liberal college professor—both of them white. The wife left the poet, who is the father of her two small daughters, some years before, when he became a militant racist (pronounced "rayshist" by all hands at the St. Marks) with the avowed intention of killing every single white man. Now he is the leader of a Black Army at war. There are sounds of violence and gunfire outside, and there is plenty of violence and some gunfire inside. The action takes place in the professor's study, a pleasant room with a large bookcase and, on each side of it, a huge black-and-white abstract by Larry Rivers, the scenic designer for both plays. (Come to think of it, his showing up in the job could be considered a surprise, too, and a good one.) Pistol in hand, the poet says he has come to take away his children, but there is also evidence that he wants to get rid of some undelivered



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punches and bullets and of untold amounts of pent-up sneering talk. The wife and the professor sit numbly for long stretches and listen and listen and listen. In spite of a few arresting lines, I found my own attention wandering, but then there was no gun pointed at me—literally, that is. In another sense, the whole enterprise could be considered an exercise in verbal bullying—by the poet of his ex-wife and her husband, and by Mr. Jones of his audience. (One small point that may give you some idea of the carelessness of "The Slave": When it opens, the loving mother and stepfather enter from the street in battle helmets, having left the little girls alone in the house during a bombardment.) The addled gunman is played by Al Freeman, Jr., who gets better with every part, and although even he cannot be entirely interesting, he is entirely believable. Nan Martin and Jerome Raphel are all right, I guess, as the youngish marrieds.

"The Toilet" takes place in one, at a boys' high school, and the characters are adolescents, nine of them colored and two of them white. A great deal of scuffling and fighting goes on, day-to-day obscenities fly through the air, and the white boys get beaten up. The issues here are not exclusively racial, but the play is almost exclusively and drearily documentary. Most of the young men in the cast—James Spruill, Gary Bolling, D'Urville Martin, Bostic van Felton, Norman Bush, Antonio Fargas, Gary Haynes, Walter Jones, Tony Hudson, Jaime Sanchez, and Hampton Clanton—are splendid, and the whole thing is graphic enough, heaven knows. Whether it is accurate or not, I am in no position to say.

"PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY," a revival of Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's wonderful reminiscences, has replaced "I Knock at the Door" (Volume I) at the Theatre de Lys. The setup is the same—same stools, same reading stands, and almost the same cast—but the show is much better. In the earlier one, Johnny Casside (O'Casey's name for himself) was a child, and it was his mother who dominated the proceedings. Now Johnny himself takes over the story of his youth, and Robert Walker comes into his own as the cocky, poetic, tender-tough boy. All the gentleness and rebellion and hair-trigger fury of young Casside are there, and the patronizing tone that I used in describing Mr. Walker in "I Knock at the Door" is hereby cancelled, with apologies. He is an actor, all right. The

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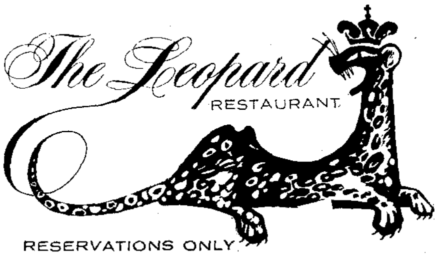

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other change—also a good one—is that Peggy Wood is now cast as Mrs. Casside and a number of other women well along in years who crop up in Johnny's life. At the preview I saw, Miss Wood didn't seem as comfortable onstage as she doubtless does now, but everything she did was on the right track. By the way, students of pantomime, which is no art in itself but part of every actor's technical equipment, could do worse than flock down to Christopher Street just to watch Miss Wood's precise, unflossy pantomime when, as a lippy old dealer in broken ironware and crockery, she counts out and reluctantly parts with seven imaginary shillings. I had to look twice to make sure the coins weren't real.

"Pictures" opens when Johnny is almost fourteen, and it takes him through his first job, as a clerk in a Dublin department store, and his fight with the management when he is docked for impudence and disobedience; his first flirtation (with Alice Boyd, the Presbyterian girl in the china department); his first political rally (with the Fenians) and his subsequent scrape with the English police; and his first brief affair (with a hearty, seductive dancer named Daisy). At the end of the show, he is a young man, and Staats Cotsworth, as narrator, reads the words with which O'Casey ends the book: "He was staying too long in the Hallway looking at the pictures. All done by others. Very beautiful and strong, but all done by others. He'd have to start now doings things for himself. Create things out of his own life. He'd begin to make pictures himself; ay, pictures, too, that would be worth hanging in the Hallway for other people to see."

The episodes that Mr. Shyre has chosen, along with the connective narrative, give the evening considerable variety of mood. Again, much of the best of the comedy is assigned to the delightful Rae Allen, as an assortment of young women; her lisping, winsome Alice Boyd and her accommodating, most unwinsome Daisy are very funny and appealing. Stephen Elliott does well, too, especially as a benign Protestant clergyman and as an uncle of Casside's, who takes him to visit a famous jail and is given a hard time by the boy on the matter of British masters and their Irish subjects.

—EDITH OLIVER

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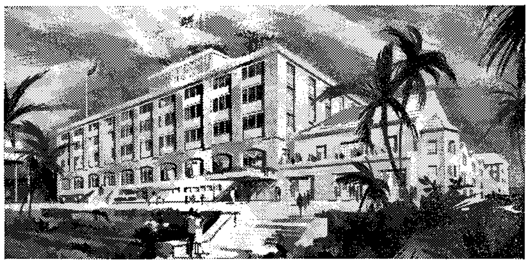

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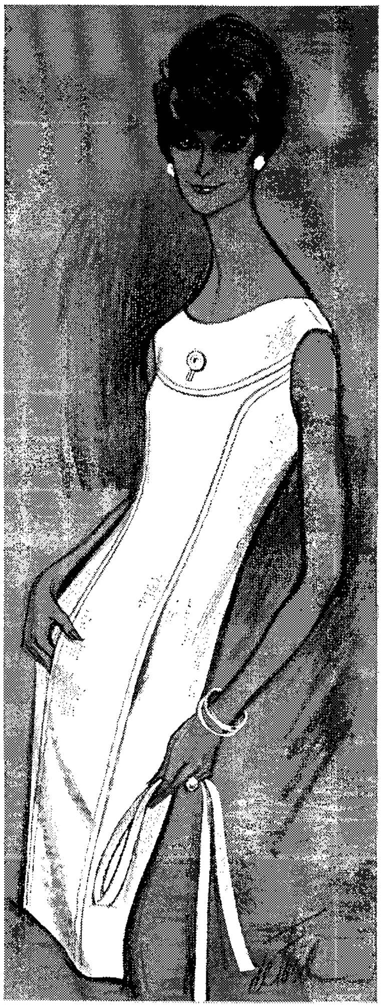

MUSICAL EVENTS

Alien Seed

ON Monday night of last week, two hundred people gathered in the McMillin Academic Theatre, at Columbia University, to hear a concert put on by the Group for Contemporary Music. Among the works were items by Luciano Berio, Otto Luening, and Milton Babbitt, all of which were applauded with some fervor. At such events, I usually find the creations of the electronic composers the most interesting, since, to my mind, these works can hardly be classified as music at all, and they therefore allow me to enter a different realm of experience. Thus, Mr. Berio's creation, which involved a variety of spooky noises issuing from a considerable number of loudspeakers placed around the auditorium, seemed to me to induce a genuine emotional response—if only one of unease—while the far-out but non-electronic contributions of Mr. Luening and Mr. Babbitt seemed merely tiresome.

Thinking about this concert, which drew such a small audience and was largely concerned with trivia, I was reminded of a chapter in a recent book called "The Arts in Society" (Prentice-Hall) that I consider pertinent—"The Alienated Composer." In it, Dennison Nash, a sociologist at the University of Connecticut, has taken an objective view of the musical scene and made painstaking studies of twenty-three quite eminent composers, ranging from the "commercial" (the writer of movie music, say) to the "ivory tower" (who cares little about communicating with the public and views his art as primarily a matter of self-expression). His conclusions are extremely interesting. He notes that nothing being done in "modern" music today in any way rivals Abstract Expressionism, a somewhat analogous movement in painting that has had enormous success. On the contrary, "the musical process," as Nash terms it (the intimacy of composer, performer, and audience that existed in all great musical eras, and that offered possibilities of reciprocal influence between these three components of the "process"), has completely broken down for the ivory-tower composer and isolated him from contemporary society. Part of the trouble, naturally, is the composer's revulsion from an age of mass culture and his consequent withdrawal into a more sequestered realm. But this withdrawal has resulted in a sociologically unhealthy situation. By and large, the ivory-tower composer is dissatisfied with the conditions of his existence. The symbols by which the composer communicated with performer and audience in the past have grown more and more private in character, often becoming unintelligible to the two other participants in the "process." Rorschach tests, moreover, indicate a considerable amount of mental disturbance among ivory-tower composers (though this alone is not a convincing finding; mentally disturbed artists have been a commonplace in some of the greatest periods of artistic creation). Curiously, the degree of alienation observed in the studies had nothing to do with neglect by the musical public. A number of subjects who showed the most striking symptoms of alienation were among the most frequently performed of composers. "Some of these artists," Professor Nash remarks, "derive a kind of pleasure from being pitted against society, and this opposition plays a role in their creativity." His general observations are melancholy. The commercial composer is doing very well, both financially and in his mental adjustment to his surroundings; the ivory-tower composer usually is not. He generally exists in a state of hostility and penury, and he would probably not exist at all but for foundation grants and the teaching jobs and other extracurricular activities by which he earns his living. He often has but a marginal role in society, and few people are interested in listening to his music. "The future for the modern composer who insists on self-expression," the Professor says, "does not look very bright. . . . The composer's role, then, will be further commercialized in the future, and it is in this form that it will perform its primary social function—communication." Nash's final conclusion is that for the ivory-tower composer composition will be fruitful only as therapy for his own mental troubles and will end up by being of no interest to the musical public at all. Who is to blame? Not necessarily the composer. The conditions of modern society, perhaps. But all this is in terrible contrast to the conditions of

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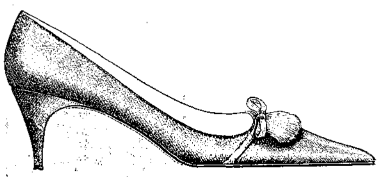

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half a century ago, when Richard Strauss and Giacomo Puccini became millionaires purely from royalties on serious music.

JUST why Bruckner's Sixth Symphony has always been the most neglected of his works has always been a puzzle to me. It is true that the development section and recapitulation of its first movement are merged and that the dimensions of the movement seem (on first hearing, at any rate) inadequate to the number of contrasting ideas expressed in it. But I suspect that the real reason for this neglect is what the pioneer American Brucknerite, Gabriel Engel, pointed out years ago—that it is the least typical of all the symphonies, containing little of the heroic splendor that characterizes the others. Certainly it is, for Bruckner, a rather eccentric work, being generally light in character, containing the most individual of all his scherzos, and having a last movement whose second theme is really a reserved and dignified but nevertheless engaging polka. I find both the unusual scherzo and the polka delightful, but I can see why they might bother the average listener and even the average Bruckner enthusiast. There is, however, one movement in this symphony—as might be expected, the adagio—that is accessible to everyone and that is perhaps the purest and simplest of all the heartwarming slow movements Bruckner ever wrote. This movement, at least, is unadulterated inspiration, with scarcely a moment of artifice to disturb the flow of its melodic beauty.

On Thursday night of last week, the New York Philharmonic, under William Steinberg, revived the symphony in Philharmonic Hall. It was, as far as the records of the Bruckner Society are concerned, the first performance here since before the First World War. Thus, the fact of the revival was more important than the manner of its interpretation. However, Mr. Steinberg, an old Bruckner hand, managed to give it an entirely worthy reading—one that impressed the audience, myself included. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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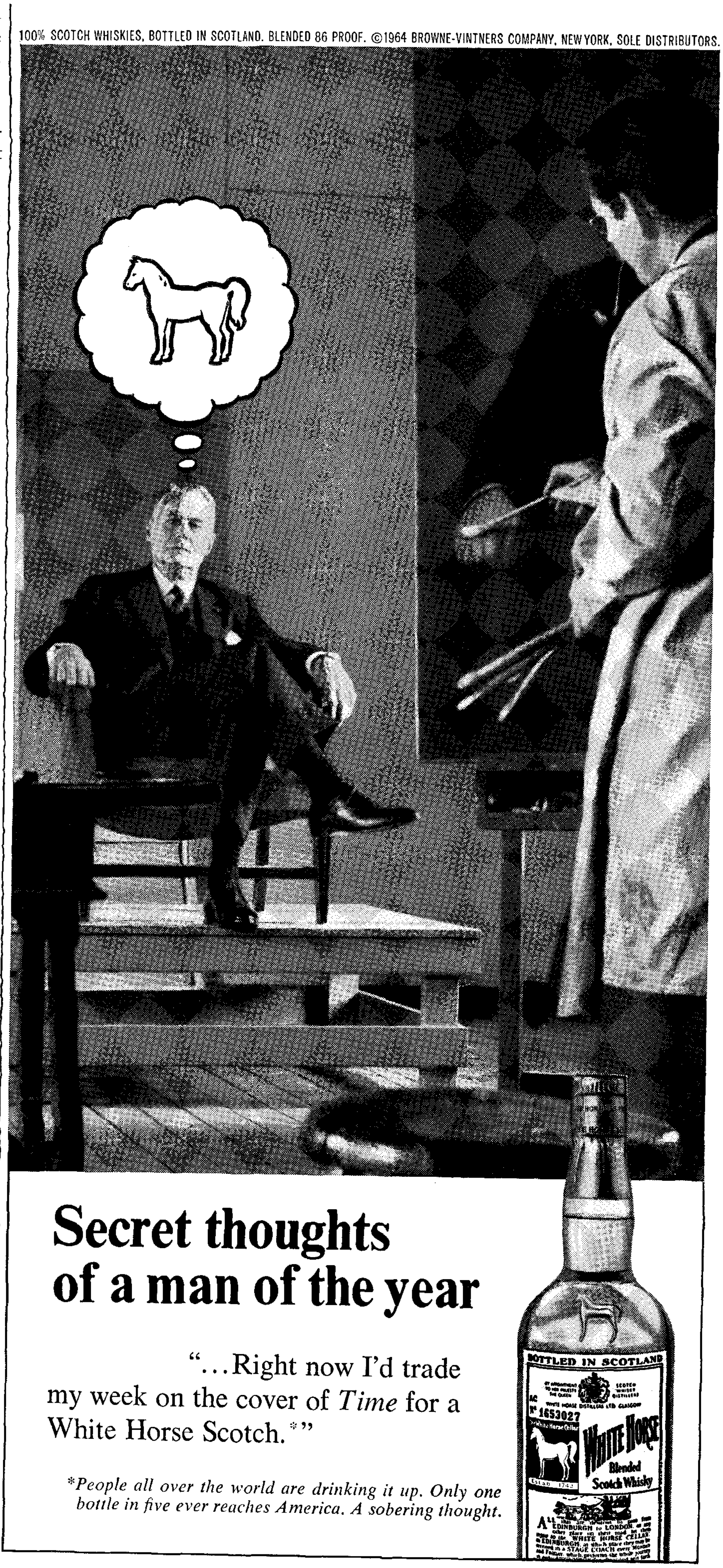
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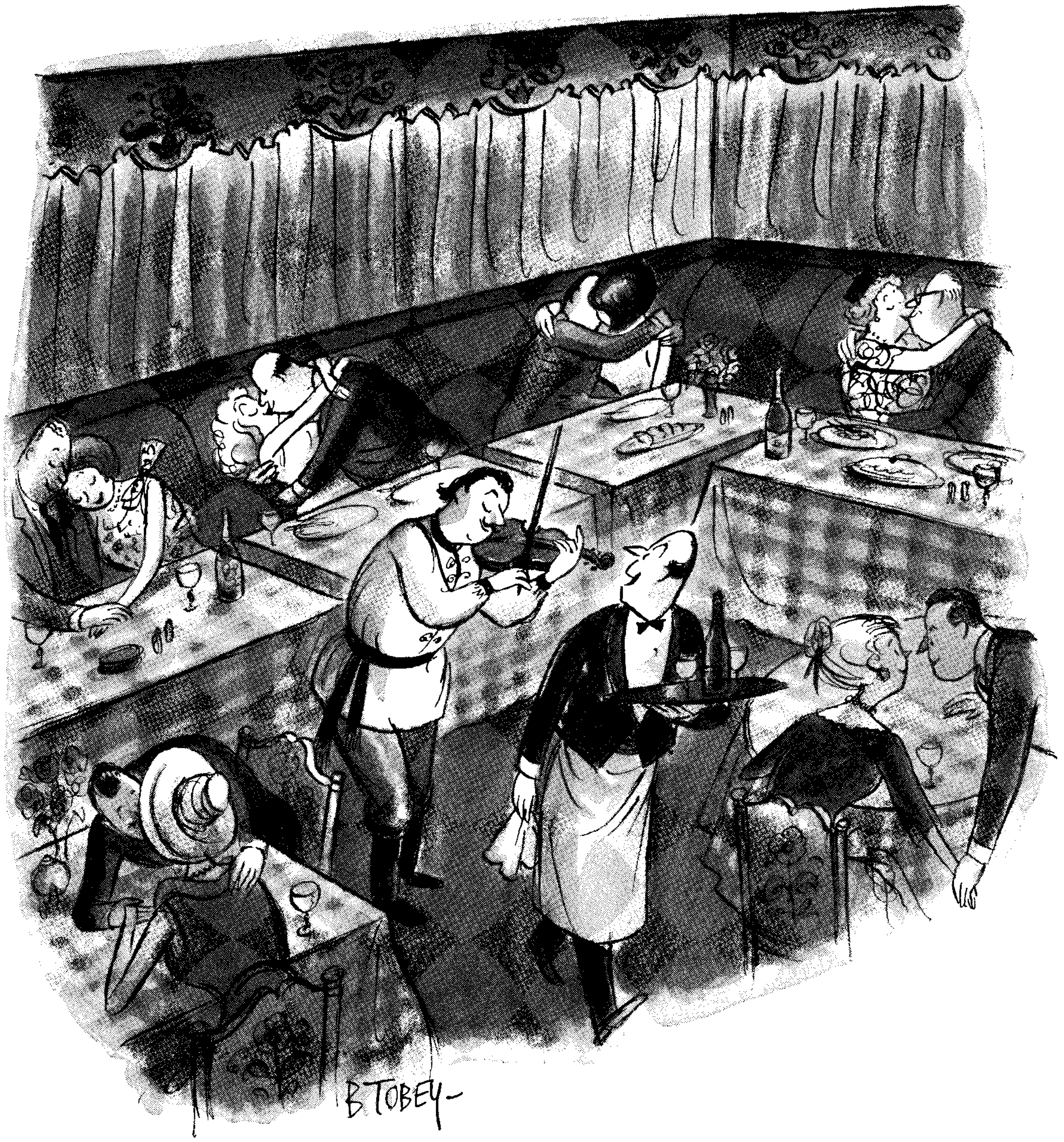
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 16

THIS year's end finds President de Gaulle on a peculiar pinnacle of lonely leadership—lonelier by far than the isolated eminence he has always contrived for himself. In a little more than a twelvemonth, through the brutal loss of President Kennedy, the unexpected sacking of Premier Khrushchev, and the sequestration into old age of Sir Winston Churchill, de Gaulle has emerged as the unique familiar, powerful political and historical figure left on the Western world's governing scene. Turned seventy-four last month, he apparently supports both time and the weight of his heavy office without any mortal weakening, and certainly with no abatement in his spiritual and intellectual concentration on the guiding of France always steeply upward, toward the floating status of international power. As encouragement, the miraculous fiscal prosperity of his Fifth Republic, now entering its seventh year, has reached new amplitudes. Today, France is one of the richest nations. In a discreet communiqué just issued by the Finance Ministry, it was made known that the country's official reserves have now reached five billion dollars, and that the gold and foreign *devises* in the vaults of the Banque de France are unequalled in Europe—except by the Bundesbank, in Bonn. Diplomatically and geographically, de Gaulle has had an especially expansive year in 1964, what with his state tour of Latin America, accompanied by Madame his wife and a suite of twenty, on which he astonished the South Americans by his bravura in making speeches in Spanish—a tour de force that impressed even those compatriots back home who had become increasingly irritated by his highhanded governing methods and the accompanying Olympian manner.



"You're in top form tonight, Luigi."

In his native tongue, de Gaulle's speech last month in Strasbourg, on the twentieth anniversary of the liberation of the city from the Nazis, seems to have ranked as a real national event. It rated pretty well all over France as a notable one in his oratorical and thespian career—a speech still mentioned here in Paris as an exceptional example of his fine French language, his personal literary style, and his diplomatic skill. Certainly, de Gaulle's reference in it to his treaty of coöperation with West Germany after three centuries of enmity and his blunt declaration that the treaty had been aimed at "the construction of a European Europe" were intended to be heard across the Rhine by the Germans, and also across the ocean by the Americans. His distrust of the United States-sponsored Multilateral Nuclear Force (now being discussed at the NATO Council meeting in Paris) could be located behind his statement that in this push-button nuclear age there is no way "to insure the initial safeguarding of the old Continent, and, in consequence, to justify the Atlantic Alliance... except by the organization of a Europe that will be its own self, so as to defend itself"—and not just be rescued much later by others as part of their own salvation.

What de Gaulle did not mention at Strasbourg was the fact that in 1965 the West Germans will be holding their national elections. It is known that de Gaulle was outraged when the Bonn Minister of Foreign Affairs recently told his French counterpart, M. Couve de Murville, that the Federal Germans in their election propaganda will boldly contest the Oder-Neisse line, which was laid down in the Allied peace treaty as the

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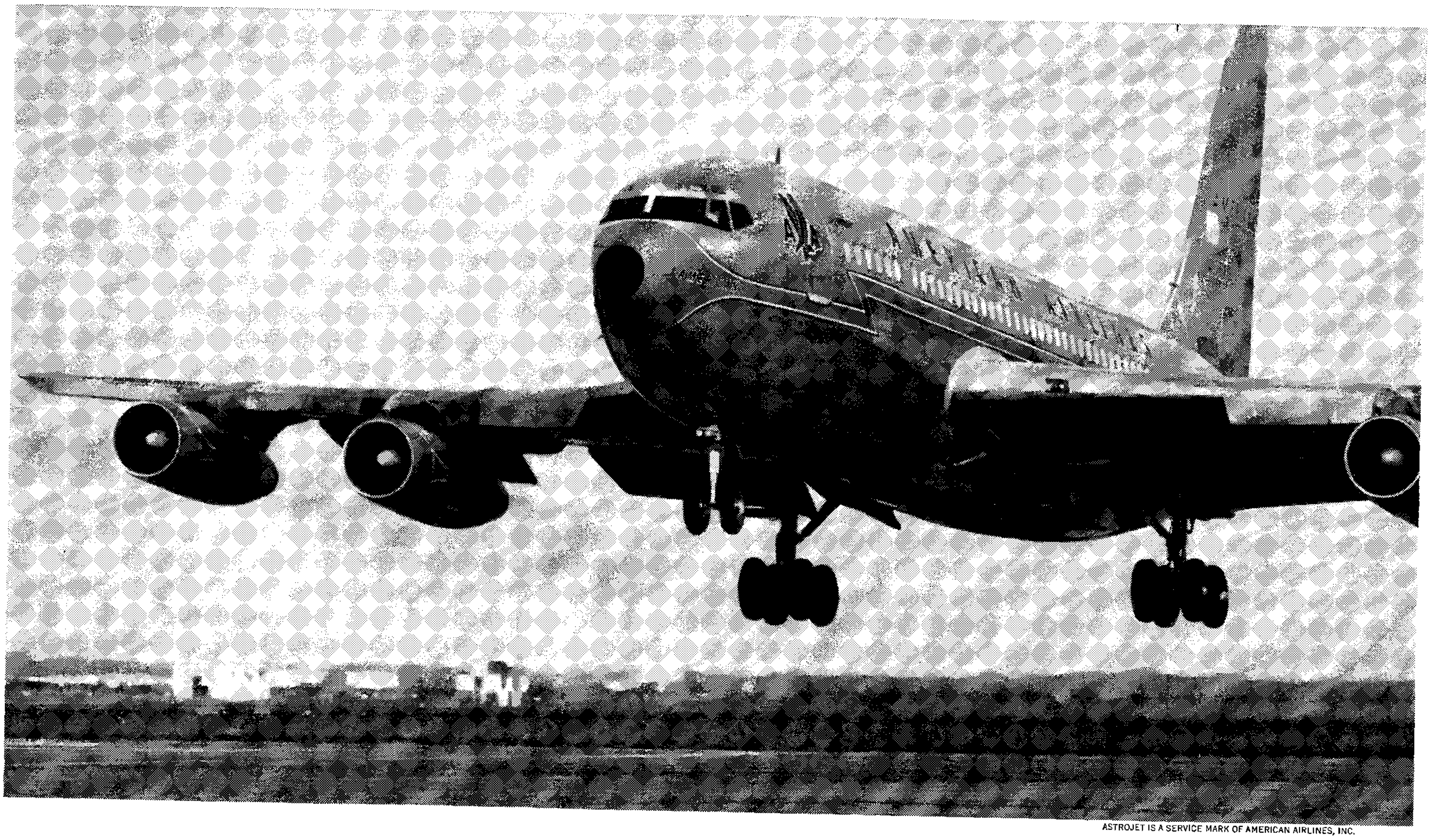

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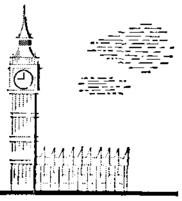

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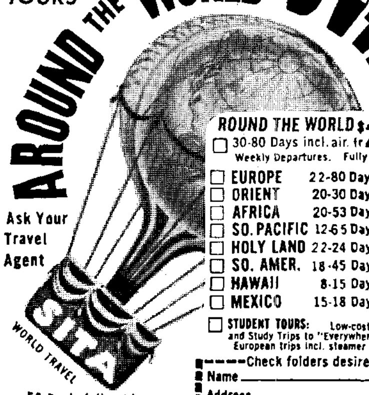

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German-Polish border. It is interesting to recall that in the third volume of de Gaulle's memoirs he recounts how in 1944, on a hasty and probably unwelcome visit to Stalin in Moscow, with the war not yet over and with him, as the French Resistance leader, still practically a nobody, he rejected Stalin's peace proposal that all Poland be sacrificed, and retired to his quarters in a dudgeon, to be awakened in the middle of the night with a message to return to Stalin, who then accepted de Gaulle's position. Another German irritant to de Gaulle has been their telling him that despite the Franco-German amity treaty, they have no intention of giving the go-by to their dear, generous old Uncle Sam. This semi-infidelity has been the major setback to de Gaulle's still precious project of a new Europe in which France—if she is to lead it and remain safely in first place—requires a half Germany as her second fiddle. Certain diplomats here believe that it is as an elderly historian expert even on modern history that de Gaulle has so well understood France's position in it—a relatively weak power playing the part of a first-class one.

France, too, will be holding her national elections in 1965, and nobody in his right mind here thinks that President de Gaulle will not be reëlected next November. Since he will be eighty-two in 1972, when his new term expires, the only serious curiosity now is about the succession, which will surely start operating before that date, and about exactly how Premier Pompidou, his choice as his *dauphin*, can be legally inserted as the succeeding member of the Gaullist dynasty. The other, even greater question, looking ahead to the time when de Gaulle himself will no longer be in personal control, is how didactically reëducated the French Parliament will prove to have been by these last six enforced do-nothing years, during which the General, who did not trust it after its Chamber-wrecking activities in the two previous republics, practically put it out to grass, to ponder. The editor of a liberal-left Paris weekly, always in opposition to de Gaulle for his complete holding of power in his enormous hands—his thumbs looking as big as a pair of upright bananas in his famous gestures on television—has just admitted that no modern democracy, like France or Italy, has been able to function efficiently with a multi-party government. The final question is: Has the Fifth Republic's Parliament finally got that fact firmly in its head?

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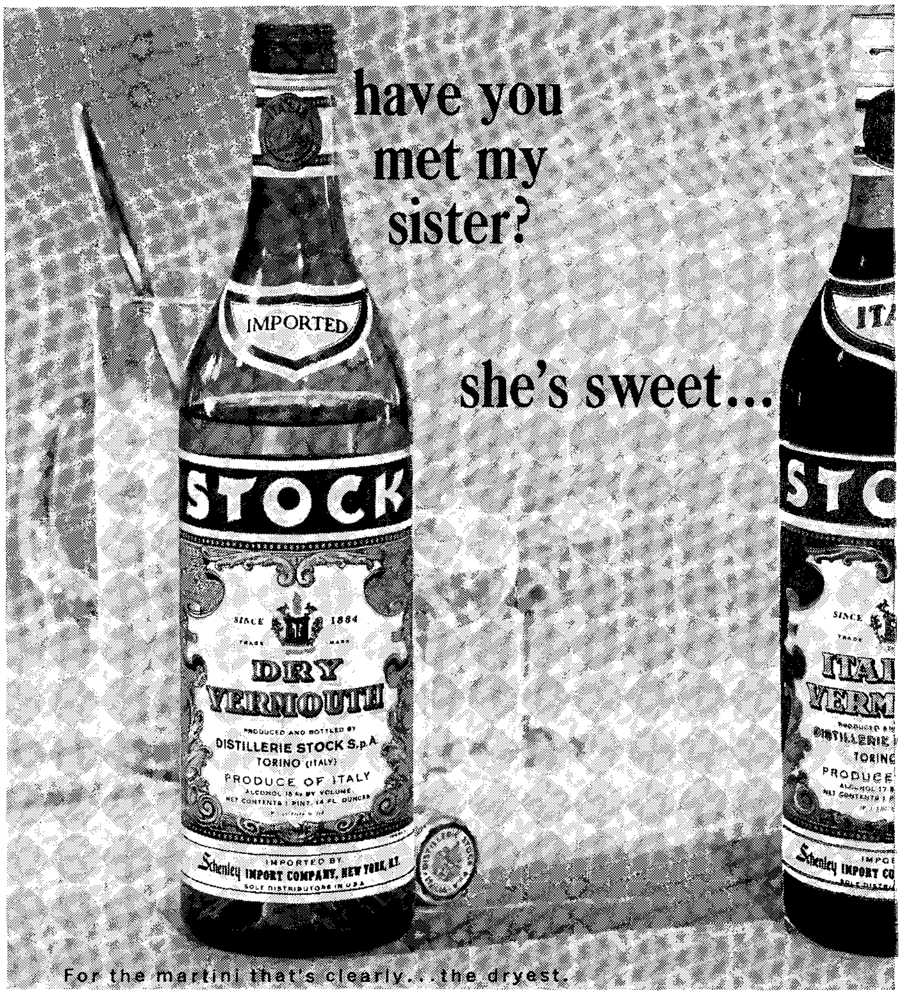
ment to set down a kind of rough-and-ready approximation of the vital differences between the two preceding Republics and de Gaulle's, so as to get a year-end notion of where modern republican government in France has been, is, and may be going. As Anatole France said of the Third Republic (1871-1940), in which he lived and died, its main characteristic was *la facilité*. It was the easygoing *République des Camarades*—of pals—with financial and political scandals that enriched politicians and shook down governments and unfortunate petty investors like sere autumn leaves several times a year. Some of the scandals were like bold, melodramatic, wicked farces—such as the Panama Canal scandal, in which Chamber deputies amiably greased one another's palms with stock deals, and Mme. Présidente Hanau and her bank scandal, followed by her suicide in prison, where she slept on her own linen sheets and under her own mink coat. Then in the nineteen-thirties came the really alarming Stavisky scandal, with its government-backed provincial pawnshops and bogus pawned emeralds, which involved both France's Premier and his Cabinet and led to the notorious Place de la Concorde riot of February 6, 1934, when sixteen protesting citizens in the mob trying to assault the Parliament and the deputies were shot down and killed by the Garde Mobile, and the Paris climate smelled like the beginning of a Fascist civil war. In the Fourth Republic (1944-58), political morality became close to impeccable, despite the sexual Ballets Roses scandal of the one-armed Speaker of Parliament, André Le Troquer, and the wine-trafficking scandals of a Socialist Minister. Few republics in our time anywhere have had a public servant so intelligently used as M. Jean Monnet, father of the European Common Market, though the Fourth Republic and its young technocrats got little credit in France for their farsighted faith in him. Many anti-Gaullists of the upper class still contend that it was the Fourth Republic that brought salvation and order to France's muddled finances, and should thus claim the credit for founding the base of the Fifth Republic's prosperity. Actually, the prosperity resulted more from the ending of the Algerian war, which the Fourth could neither win nor finish—the economy of no longer shedding blood and money in a colonial war. It is true that the technical handling of French finances had already improved under the Fourth's



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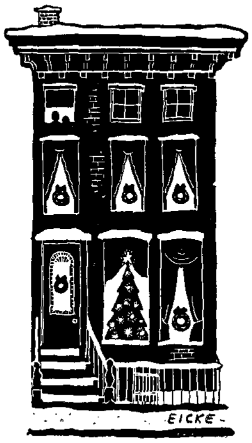
technocrats, but the improvements continued, with compounded results, in the Fifth. The great amelioration in politicos' brains from the Third Republic on lies in the fact that it was the graduates of the École Normale who dimly shone as Ministerial lights in the old days, whereas in the Fourth and Fifth it has been brilliantly educated men from the Polytechnique, the severest scientific training ground in France. French higher education, starved as it is for decent classrooms, properly equipped laboratories, and decently paid faculties, has nevertheless managed to improve the quality of the students' intelligences, probably because they are still obstinately determined to get knowledge and culture, and study hard to obtain both. The whole level of economic knowledge has enormously risen since the Third Republic days, when France's economic teaching was rated by the English and Germans as one of the most backward in Europe. The financial experts' level in the Fifth Republic is now high and sharp indeed, according to British bankers who had to deal with them in the recent loan, via the International Monetary Fund, to tide over the Bank of England in the vulpine international speculators' attack on the staggering British pound. Because the press in any modern country today is of signal importance, it must be added that many international readers in Europe and London believe that *Le Monde*, with its strict morality and small, choice circulation, can claim to be the best newspaper in the Western world. Its usual two dozen small, highly informed pages nourish like a well-prepared, well-balanced, good-tasting modest French meal, with no waste and nothing to throw out. It is often highly critical of the Fifth Republic and its leader, whose intellectuality and culture, however, it always carefully esteems. What certain veteran foreign visitors, familiar with France during all three Republics, say of France today is that the most important fact now is not the age of its General de Gaulle but the increasing youth of its population—a situation apparently not known in this country for the last hundred years.



LAST week's twenty-four-hour general strike—the biggest in striker response since 1953—paralyzed France, as was indeed its aim. Running from 9 P.M. Thursday to 9 P.M. Friday, it was ingeniously timed to give the public practically double the discomfort of the usual midnight-to-midnight strike, this one producing two evenings, instead of one, of fumbling around the house by candlelight, shutting off the late-Thursday as well as the early-Friday radio, TV, and movie shows, and completely killing the theatre both nights. Every public utility and convenience was affected—electricity first, then all trains, local and international, the Métro, buses, garbage collecting, schools, hotel and apartment-house elevators, factories, country telephones, international phone calls, postal service—everything you could think of came to a stop. Strike discipline was high, with not one train moving in the Gare Saint-Lazare, which transformed most suburban workers into idle exiles. Warnings had been given daily in advance to turn off heating and cooking gas, so as to limit the inevitable cases of asphyxiation through carelessness. Shortly after midnight Thursday, the only light in Paris still faithful was atop the Tour Eiffel—the airplane beacon. At dusk on Friday, with all street and traffic lights extinguished, the car drivers who were wheel-to-wheel in the Rue de Rivoli were using their powerful high-beam headlights to see their way, blinding each other as they honked along to the Concorde, infernally semi-illuminated by masses of cars' scarlet tail-lights. The strike was directed by the largely unionized workers exclusively against the government, for more pay, of course, preferably equal to that in private industry, or a wage raise of between eight and ten per cent—and right now, too, instead of the modest four-per-cent pay lift that the state annually gives its employees, theoretically to keep down inflation. There were some sharp newspaper editorials against the government, which seemed to be almost indifferent, and certainly politically tactless, with its air of not minding if nearly three million workers struck and paralyzed the nation. Since Premier Pompidou offered them their normal four-per-cent increase, they will soon strike again, no doubt.

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Then, there was another especially thoughtful letter from a lass who wrote a perfectly wonderful (if it be somewhat puzzling) report on how The Real MACKENZIE had become the "in" (quotes are hers) Scotch among her club o' bridge and that everyone rather enjoyed the fuss and bother they had to go through to find a liquor shop that carried The Real MACKENZIE. Now while we think it admirable for her and her bonnie friends to be persistent in insisting on The Real MACKENZIE, we do wish more of your shops would realize how good it really is and stock it straightaway. Matter of speaking, if you would send us the name of your favourite shopping place that you would like to be carrying The MACKENZIE (and presently isn't) we would risk our sporran' to see that they be initiated to the many pleasures and sales advantages of The Real MACKENZIE.

The only unfriendly letter we did receive being from an angry young lad who said his liquor shop had sold its entire MACKENZIE stock to a single purchaser! And while we cannot but admire this kind of buying zeal, we're afraid it smacks of the black market or a last ditch attempt by a hard core element of the RMSFSS.

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presentation in France of Serge Prokofieff's little-known opera "L'Ange de Feu," which he started composing in New York in poverty in 1919 and—after eight years of work on it, encouraged by his old friend, the conductor Serge Koussevitzky—finished in Paris in 1927. One reason for the long delay in presenting it is that its soprano heroine, named Renata, must be onstage for eighty-six minutes, singing almost constantly, and also must be beautiful and a fine emotional, hysterical actress. She was recently found in the person of the Italian singer Mme. Floriana Cavalli, ravishing as a vivid Venetian portrait, who sings unendingly in a *mise-en-scène* by Mme. Margherita Wallmann, of the Scala—for this viewer the most gifted, satisfying operatic-stage director in existence. We will not go into the plot of "Angel of Fire," which is medieval, Germanic, diabolistic, confused, and crazy, or into the first act and a half, which is a mere musical warmup for the five ensuing scenes, starting with a scene in the house of a tenor magician and his trio of singing skeletons. The astonishing music from that point on is nearly indescribable, except perhaps to call it Expressionist. It is thrilling to the senses and to the inner eye in its orchestral colors, stirring to the ear's imagination, melodic, complex, and modern in that it consists of Prokofieff's translation and rich use of his own inheritances from Debussy, Ravel, and Stravinsky, with snatches of melodies in the manner of Puccini and Massenet—the whole mixture like a St. Petersburg white-cheese Easter cake, studded with the preserved colored fruits from everywhere that Prokofieff had internationally gobbled for this seductive, extravagant opera. In it are two stunning musical interludes played with the curtain down—a curtain lighted from behind to show its cabalistic signs. And there is a dramatic duel scene on top of a high embankment along the Rhine, where the duellists—one Ruprecht, Renata's *cavaliere servente*, the other Count Henri, her former lover, who never sings a note—fence with sabres. There is a comic scene in an inn, where a swashbuckling Mephistopheles, in his impatience for his dinner to be served, first eats as a tidbit the tiny serving boy (a very pretty dwarf). The last scene is in a convent, where Renata has sought peace from her Fire Angel, whom she first met in a childhood dream. She is accused by the Grand Inquisitor of diabolism and condemned to be burned, while the other gray-gowned young nuns, suddenly possessed, dance and

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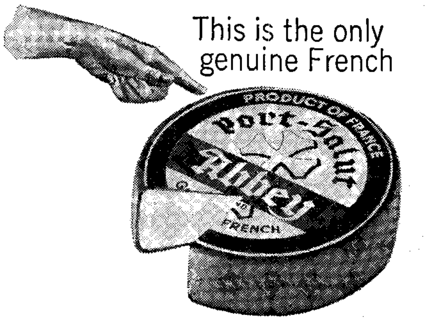

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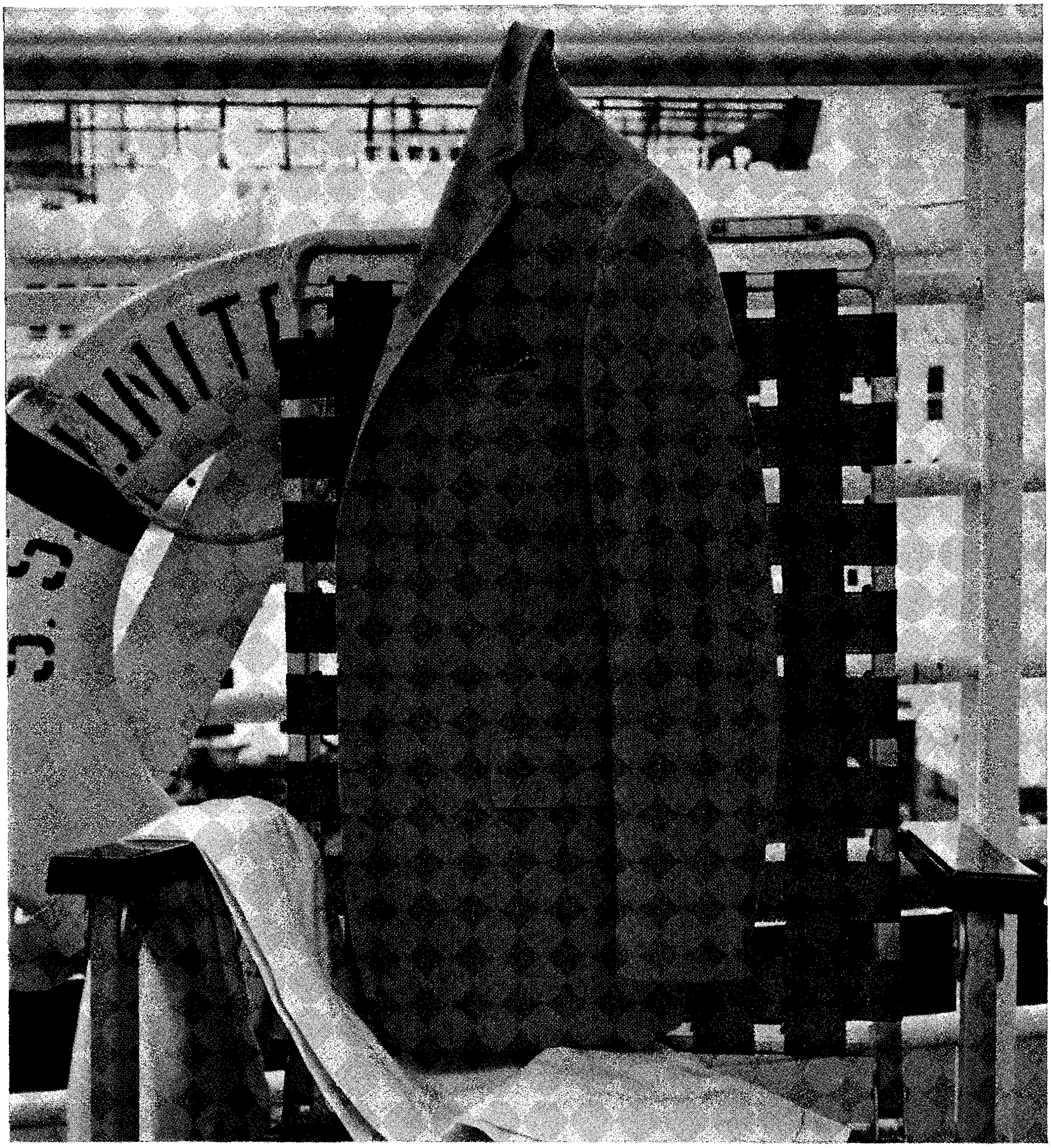

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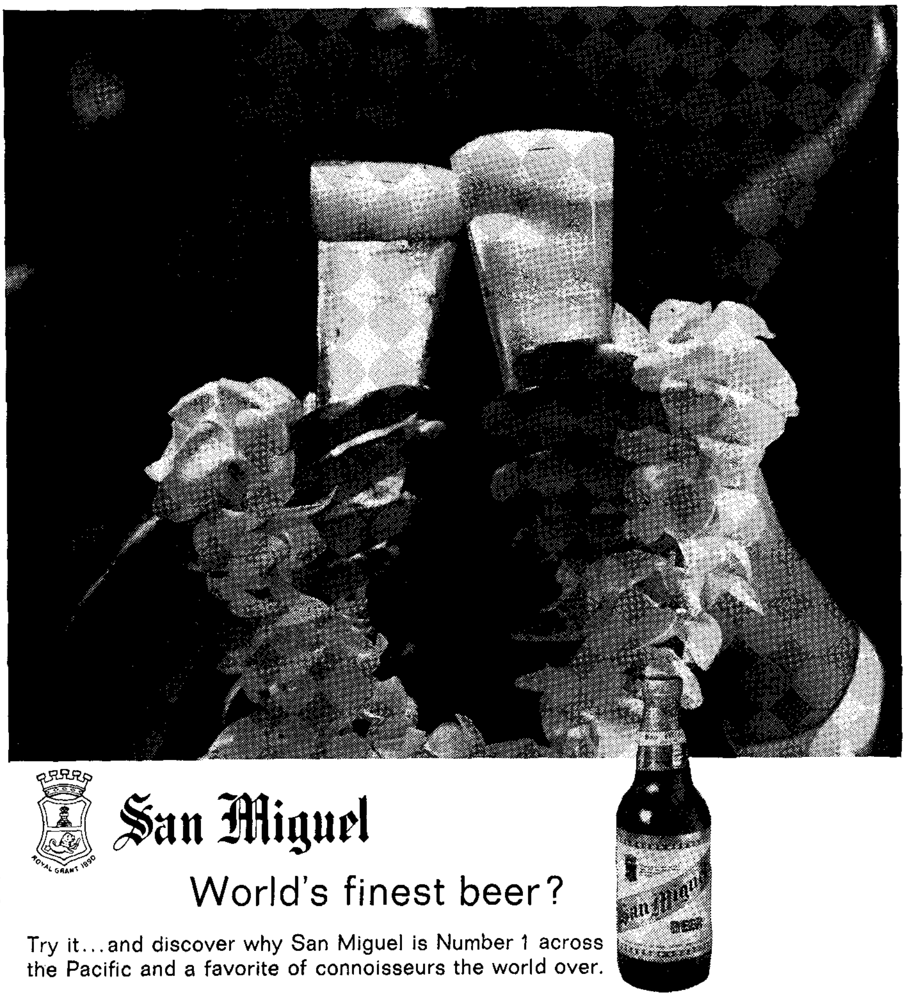
caper in a mad ballet of emotion and carnal passion. The music ends with trombones and strings from bass and treble—from high and low, as if from an oriented left and right—slowly swooping toward each other and terminating in the unison of one note. It sounds like genius. George Sebastian conducted as only he could—the best maestro of Paris. This opera was first staged in Europe in 1955, at a Venice festival. Its score was first sung in concert form in Paris in 1954, on the Radiodiffusion Française, and a little later was recorded by a company called Véga. (In the United States, it has been issued under the Westminster imprint.) It is supposed to be given in Russia for the first time in 1965. It was ill viewed over the years by Ministers of Culture there, who saw in the burning of Renata the degradation of the metaphysical Russian view.

The most talked-of Paris theatre entertainment right now is American in either origin or material. At the Athénée, the admired actor-manager Jean Vilar, who made famous the left-wing state theatre, the Théâtre National Populaire, has begun a new avatar with "Le Dossier Oppenheimer," based on the transcripts of the 1954 security-review board's investigation of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer. A play on the same subject by a German was earlier objected to by Oppenheimer as taking too many liberties with the transcript. Liberal-minded Americans here who recall anything of the McCarthy atmosphere that preceded the hearing could make the same criticism of the Vilar version. By what he has chosen to leave out of the over-long transcript text, by his omission of certain American psychologies, as well as by the kind of acting directions he has given his troupe, Vilar has presented the American review board as a group of unfair bigots, and the chief prosecutor, who does all the talking in the play, as a bullying, loud-voiced tyrant. He shows Oppenheimer merely as a saintly, pipe-smoking, languid martyr. The French, who are exceedingly devoted to historical trial drama, seem dutifully to enjoy "Le Dossier," though only somewhat, to judge by their rather inert reaction at the theatre the other night. But at least they talk about it a great deal.

The real talk of the town is the production at the Renaissance of Edward Albee's "Qui A Peur de Virginia Woolf?"—a London lady whose writings the French know almost as well as they know Disney's "Qui A Peur du



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Grand Méchant Loup?," so the pun in the title has not been lost in unrecognition here. According to old Paris theatre men, the Albee play has received the greatest critical acclaim of any American play ever produced here in French. Certainly it has been treated to exceptionally penetrating understanding. Parisian audiences immediately comprehended the frustrated, poisoned provincial American academic couple on a living-room drinking bout during a crisis in their lives—a couple such as the Parisians had never met before in American writing but whom they instantly recognized, owing to Albee's art, as true and informative natives of our land and, as one Paris critic deftly underlined, the complete opposites of any professional couple imaginably connected with the Sorbonne. Albee's masterly use of the naturalistic theatre, once the great favorite here, has made it easier for the French to realize that his play is a serious genre study, and it is now regarded in Paris as a direct new revelation of Americana and of Broadway at its best. *Le Monde's* critic said that Albee's real precursor was neither O'Neill nor Tennessee Williams but Strindberg, and that "Who's Afraid" is the American "Dance of Death." The play has been staged at the Renaissance by no less a person than Franco Zeffirelli; was produced by Lars Schmidt, Ingrid Bergman's husband; and stars Madeleine Robinson, normally cast as a charmer and comedienne, as the virago wife, Martha. It has been adapted and translated with complete dexterity and understanding by Jean Cau, well known as part of the former team of brilliant and bold young reporters at *L'Express*, and also as a Prix Goncourt novelist noted for his *langue verte*, or pungent French vocabulary. Apropos of his work on the translation, he recently wrote a friend, "A writer has a certain respiration, like a runner, with a certain rhythm and tempo—*especially* a theatre writer. The Paris theatre public has become very used to violence—of Anouilh, of Sartre, of the avant-garde—and is well trained in dodging the dramatist's blows. For the French, the violence of Albee is like meeting a new kind of adversary on the stage."

LAST week, a crowd of perhaps four thousand enthusiastic listeners assembled for a three-and-a-half-hour *nocturnal* session at the old left-wing Mutualité auditorium, over near the Jardin des Plantes. The attraction was

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to listen to half a dozen of the nonconformist literary intelligentsia, of whom Sartre and Mlle. de Beauvoir were the chief magnets, give a forty-minute lecture each on the theme "Que Peut la Littérature?" ("What Can Literature Do?"), followed by a platform debate. The soirée (made possible through the magnanimity of Sartre and Mlle. de Beauvoir) was a fund-raising project of the enterprising Union des Étudiants Communistes for the refloating of their magazine *Clarté*, which the Communist Party itself last spring refused to support any longer, owing to the students' having taken up the so-called "Togliatti-testament line," so appealing to Communist youth—that is, maintaining a certain intellectual liberty from Moscow on the part of each European national Communist Party. The students having enthusiastically oversold the Mutualité seats by a couple of thousand, the lucky half of the overflow sat in the aisles and the unlucky thousand stayed outside in the cold. It was not a brilliant evening, except for the two magnets. The romantic Prix Fémina author of "Le Sud," Yves Berger, stuck to his contention that literature has no relation to reality except to shield readers from it, that it has kept no child from starving (Sartre's thesis), and that only when the barricades are manned can one find the books that might have prevented the trouble. Berger was both enjoyed and repeatedly booed. There was a talker who represented the Robbe-Grillet school, and one who declared, "Literature is art, and art is man," which seemed less than logical. When Mlle. de Beauvoir's turn came, she was given such a noisy, enthusiastic welcome that one could see her fresh-colored skin crimson to a blush. Her dark hair was lifted up behind in a handsome chignon, and she wore a chic white scarf knotted at her throat inside her tailleur. Looking womanly, intelligent, and very well, she spoke rapidly, in a high, clear pedagogue's voice. She quickly developed her Existentialist philosophical theme that all writers suffer from the separation between the individual and the world, and write to fill in the gap. The applause for her was wildly spontaneous; for Sartre it was a tremendous loyal, official ovation, as to the great *chef d'école*. When he spoke, the packed hall, more Sartrian than Communist, listened in faultless silence. In limpid, if difficult, language, he demonstrated why, for him, the reader is not passive but active, even a creator. And

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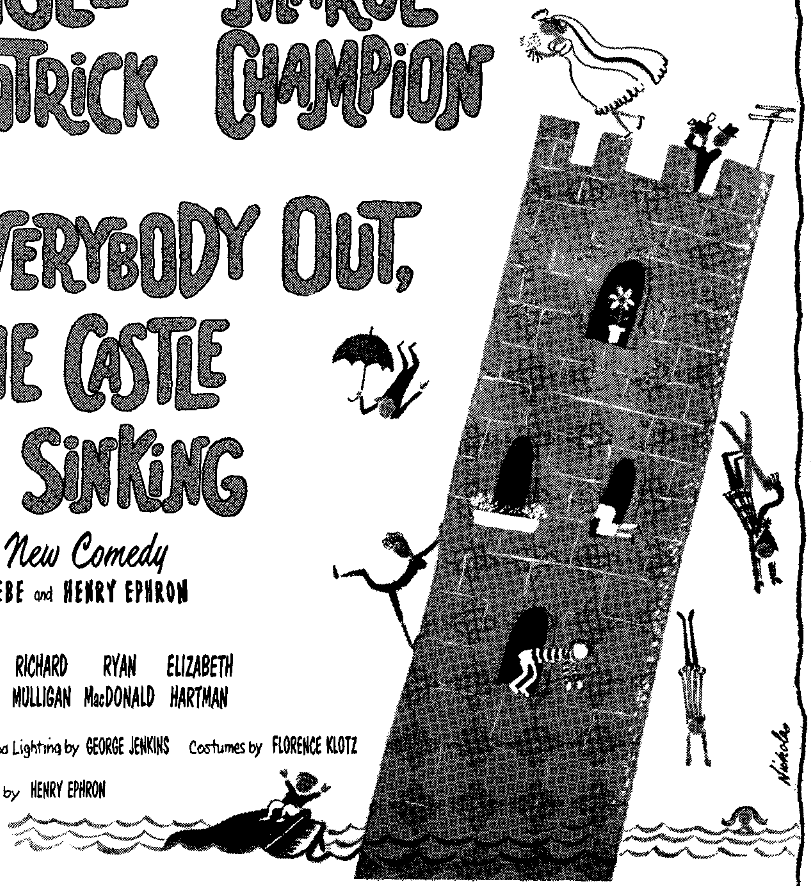

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why does he read? "To give sense to his ill-lived life."

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BY DARK COCYTUS' SHORE

She was weaving with her whispers
  Where the blue hibiscus blows—
Lithest, loveliest of lispers—
Where the even twilight is perse,
She was weaving with her whispers,
  Vibrant wisp of no repose.

He was wilting with his whiskers,
  Where the slow Cocytus flows,
Black beside the blue hibiscus,
Black and vaporous and viscous—
He was wilting with his whiskers,
  In his fine but filmy clothes.

And this pair of pallid lovers
  Swayed and beckoned like the reeds—
Gelid hands that need no glovers,
The fond glance that hardly hovers,
The faint garb that hardly covers
  The faint heart that hardly bleeds.

—"In the room above the stable
  With its blankets worn and coarse,
With the pigeons in the gable,
When you stripped your wrap of sable—
In the room above the stable
  Where we muttered of divorce."

"Tell me, darling, what went wrong, dear?"
  "Oh, you seemed so far away
When we wintered in Hong Kong, dear,
And it seemed so long, so long, dear . . .
But I never hear that song, dear . . .
  And the gulls above the bay."

"Dimming windows—the old halter
  And the musty stable smell—
Easy laughter, Uncle Walter
Who went bankrupt in Gibraltar—
The bright wharf, the broken motor,
  The embarrassing hotel.

"You were desperate, to die there,
  While I waited for the spring?
Lone and listening, I'd lie there,
With the patches of pale sky there.
I could only droop and die there,
  With a plaintive ting-a-ling."

So, beside the cold Cocytus,
  Grim but yet familiar ground,
Where there's nothing to incite us,
Where there's nothing to affright us,
Where day never breaks to spite us—
  Soon they ceased to hear a sound.

—EDMUND WILSON

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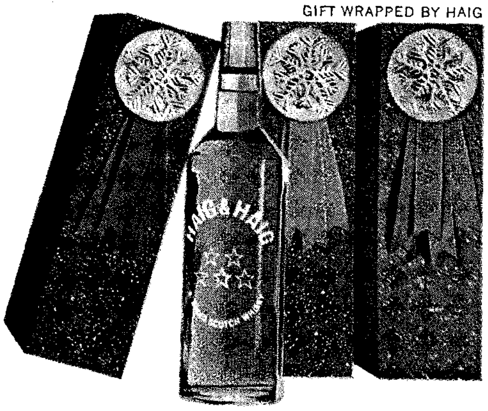

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Make yourself as young as possible, and join the quiet children at her feet. The old woman folds her hands and begins: "Nou a uol taim Anansi-in stuori, we gwain at nou." (Don't panic. Your driver will translate the incomprehensible curves of her mountain dialect for you—as skillfully as he negotiated the curves of the mountain roads.) English translation: "Now a old-time Anancying story we going at now."

After the story ends, if you'd like to stay in the African mood a little while longer, spend the night in the mountains—at the Mandeville Hotel, a great, rambling structure that looks like something out of a novel about 19th century colonial Africa. (Once you hear the 19th-century prices, you may never come out of the hills: $11 a day—*including three meals. And that's* no fairy tale.)

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

006½

Season's Greetings

THE latest James Bond thriller, which I don't hesitate to pronounce worthy of "Dr. No" and "From Russia with Love," is called "Goldfinger," after its villain, but we'd have been offered a broader hint of what the movie contains if the producers had seen fit to call it "Butterfingers," after its hero. For ineptness is the key to Bond; the secret of his success with us lies in his constant failures. We dote on him because he is such a dolt. Everything that this consummate bungler applies himself to turns out badly. The simplest tasks proliferate into catastrophes in his incapable hands. Death-dealing weapons of fantastic intricacy are constructed to help him slip unscathed through enemy country; all are wasted on Old Unreliable, who is quickly captured, disarmed, beaten, and imprisoned. The enormous technological and financial resources of Her Majesty's underground are placed at his disposal, but to no avail. In a matter of minutes, 007 will use up tens of thousands of pounds' worth of delicate weaponry and be obliged to fight his way with bare hands out of a trap that a child of six would have taken care to avoid. Even toward the end of a Bond movie, our hero isn't necessarily in charge of the situation. It's true that in "From Russia with Love" he was able to set several square miles of open sea afire and thus momentarily disconcert his opponents, but it's no less characteristic of him that in the climactic scene of "Goldfinger" he finds himself facing certain death in the echoing bowels of Fort Knox for reasons of sheer professional unknow-how. Everyman All Thumbs, in nearly every crisis deserving demotion to 006½—no wonder we identify with him!

Still, I grant that Bond is also a wonderfully brave man and, as embodied by Sean Connery, a handsome, suave, and acrobatic one, and no doubt we identify with him on those grounds as well. In "Goldfinger," 007 pits himself against a superb international crook whose fell purpose it is to storm Fort Knox and render our gold supply unusable. Goldfinger and Bond enjoy several fierce encounters, and when Goldfinger must excuse himself to deal with chicaneries elsewhere, his place is instantly taken by one or another of his wily underlings, among them an Oriental named Oddjob, who has developed the useful knack of killing people by shying a steel bowler at them. In short, the screenwriters, Richard Maibaum and Paul Dehn, and the director, Guy Hamilton, keep Bond's misadventures flowing at the usual swift, self-parodying clip, and if the girls he pursues aren't, for prettiness or perfidy, up to the exceptionally high standard set in the earlier pictures, there's a beautiful dreadnought of an Aston-Martin with which to solace one's eyes. Gert Frobe plays Goldfinger with suitable murderous unction, Honor Blackman plays the dangerous Pussy Galore, and Shirley Eaton is the girl who, in an already famous episode, dies of being painted gold.

JEAN-LUC GODARD has directed with stunning self-indulgence a picture called "Contempt," based on a novel from the acidulous pen of Alberto Moravia. The screenplay is credited to Mr. Godard, but I doubt whether an actual script could be found; never have I seen a picture that seemed more surely to have been made up as it went along, and while the backgrounds are beguiling—a smart flat in Rome, a remodelled *castello* in the *campagna*, a burnt-sienna villa overhanging the sea on Capri—what fails to happen in the foreground soon makes one's mind numb with boredom. The stars of the picture are Jack Palance, as an oafish American film producer; Brigitte Bardot, as a petulant housewife; and Michel Piccoli, as her literary husband. Miss Bardot has never been so naked or so beautiful in nakedness, but since Mr. Godard has chosen to treat her as an object, alive and lovely but subhuman, the not unimportant matter of her attempting to portray a character doesn't arise. As for Mr. Piccoli, who is also often in dishabille, he presents a mystery by not once taking off his hat, even when bathing or going to bed. I assumed that the big scene in "Contempt" would be the moment of defedoration, but I was wrong; the picture grimly skirts big scenes of any kind in favor of a series of broken-off conversations, terminated by a totally adventitious double death. Also in the picture is the distinguished director Fritz Lang, playing himself

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and consenting, with what I hope was distaste and not just nervousness, to make a number of those dreary, name-dropping "in" jokes with which Godard persists in disfiguring his work.

"KISS ME, STUPID" was produced and directed by Billy Wilder from a screenplay by Mr. Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, so most of the blame for this repellent, oversized trifle can safely be placed on Mr. Wilder's shoulders. (Back of Mr. Wilder and also deserving to be publicly rebuked are the Mirisch Corporation and the Lopert Pictures Corporation, a subsidiary of United Artists. The picture having been condemned by the Legion of Decency, United Artists decided not to release it under its own name.) The stars of "Kiss Me, Stupid" are Kim Novak, Dean Martin, and Ray Walston. Miss Novak is young enough and pretty enough for her part, but Mr. Martin and Mr. Walston are no longer in the first flush of manhood, and the romping about they engage in here caused me more than once to wonder how close Dr. Paul Dudley White might be to the nearest telephone. Felicia Farr is pleasant in a tiresome part, and it's my Christmas wish for her that she never again find herself entangled in a picture as squalid as this one.—BRENDAN GILL

•

101.72 In order to avoid cumbersome and confusing repetition of expressions in these specifications, it is provided that whenever anything is, or is to be, done, if, as, or, when, or where "contemplated, required, determined, directed, specified, authorized, ordered, given, designated, indicated, considered necessary, deemed necessary, permitted, reserved, suspended, established, approval, approved, disapproved, acceptable, unacceptable, suitable, accepted, satisfactory, unsatisfactory, sufficient, insufficient, rejected, or condemned," it shall be understood as if the expression were followed by the words "by the engineer" or "to the engineer."—*Wyoming Highway Department Specifications.*

You remember him. Little short fellow with a mustache.

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BOOKS

Military Merriment, Mental Marshlands

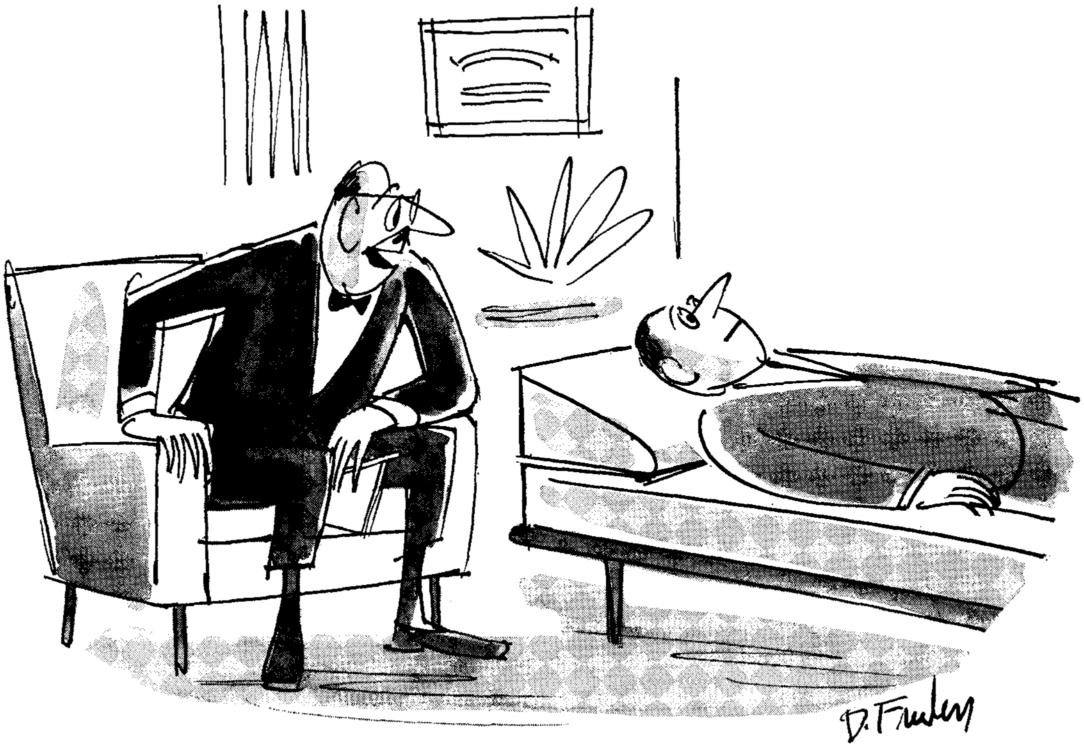
AT the start of "The Valley of Bones" (Little, Brown), Anthony Powell's seventh installment in his continuing novel, "The Music of Time," his narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, by now in his thirties and a newly commissioned second lieutenant in the British Army, reports for duty to a Welsh territorial unit in the first year of the Second World War. "The Valley of Bones" is the funniest novel about being in the army that I know. Mr. Powell does not visibly make things funny; they *are* funny. He arrays his absurdities and parades them past, page after page, giving the impression that he has done nothing but transmit plain truth. It is not deadpan humor, because the deadpan humorist, like his cousin the pop artist, wants to draw attention to his art or artifice; Jenkins and Powell try instead to function as unnoticeable media, like glass for light. And it isn't the humor of British understatement, for Powell always seems exact. There is no understatement in Jenkins' account of the division commander's snap inspection of Jenkins' company; everything is routine, correct, and ridiculous. In Powell's earliest novels, before he began "The Music of Time," his comic devices were evident. Now he guilelessly describes, in one volume or another of this series, different aspects of a society that, by habitually placing small roadblocks in the way of obvious solutions (how does a British judge scratch his head?), calls forth comic ones.

The obvious solution to the military problem here—how to prepare for battle a neighborhood unit in which all the enlisted men are miners and all the officers are bank clerks—is to distribute it, one squad here and another there, among several regiments; then, at least, fewer of its members will be, in both senses, fighting with their brothers-in-law. But the British Army, exerting a keen sense of comedy, keeps its local units intact and depends upon training to uncover—as in this novel it does—unbattleworthy specimens. In Jenkins' company, the process exposes several, among them a widely beloved but totally deaf private and Captain Rowland Gwatkin, its commanding officer.

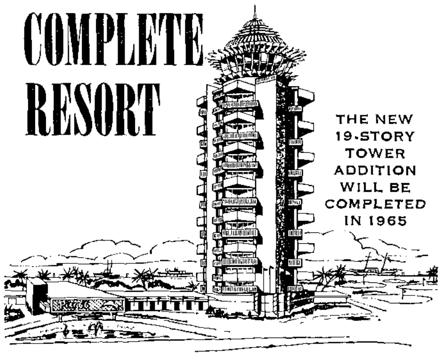
Gwatkin, who is summed up by one of his lieutenants as "not all that bloody marvellous at banking," aspires to make his company the best in the battalion and to lead it gloriously in battle. He tries, but he muddles each assignment and then redoubles his efforts and errors the next time out. Powell doesn't need to exaggerate; the disproportion between Gwatkin's ambitions and his competence is comedy enough. Perhaps an exception is his last mistake before he is relieved—withholding a new code from his officers in the interests of security and then forgetting he has received it. That may have the exaggeration of farce. If it does, I am not sure whether Gwatkin's error (Powell's invention) or the proper practice of military security (the Army's idea) is farcical.

Toward the end of the novel, Jenkins is transferred from the company because someone at division headquarters—he doesn't know who—has requested him. He discovers that he has, unfortunately, been selected by Kenneth Widmerpool, now a major on the staff, as his subordinate. Jenkins has known Widmerpool since their schooldays, in "A Question of Upbringing," the first part of "The Music of Time." No faithful reader will be surprised that the prospect of being "in Widmerpool's power" gives Jenkins a "sinking feeling within." Even in his brief appearance in "The Valley of Bones," Widmerpool shows himself to be one of the most impressive creations in "The Music of Time"—at once probable and grotesque. In Widmerpool, Powell may be pushing comedy almost beyond its limits. On second thought, I am not sure what the limits of comedy are. Comedy like Powell's, which is based on acceptance, on resignation, may be very nearly limitless.

BRIGID BROPHY'S first novel, "Hackenfeller's Ape," published in the United States in 1954, was a high-spirited comedy constructed on three themes—love (or sex), death, and Mozart. She has not given up on them, as her two most recent books—"Mozart the Dramatist" (Harcourt, Brace & World), and two short novels in one volume, "The Snow Ball" and "The Finishing Touch" (World)—show. Miss Brophy's style is brilliant; it is entertaining, direct, lucid, and active; it half anticipates its surprising events and ideas. Her themes, on the



"Let me give you a little free advice."



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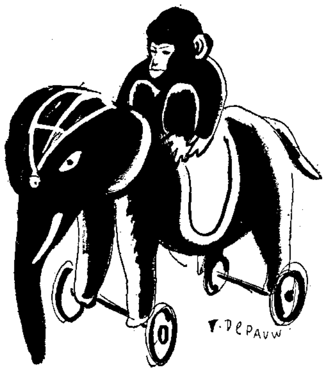
other hand, have developed into eccentricities. She is a Freudian as one might be a Baconian; she has the answers to questions no one cares about.

You can waste your time pondering Mozart's problems with his father, Leopold (who is surely history's most appalling stage mother), unless you remember that Mozart bequeathed us his work—pure pleasure—and not his problems. Miss Brophy, alas, cannot enter into this joyful inheritance with thanksgiving. In "Mozart the Dramatist," she applies her own notions of psychoanalysis to the eighteenth century, to the Enlightenment, to Mozart, and to his librettos. She is looking for difficulties, and she solves the ones she finds by overworking that intellectually dangerous word "really"—"the scandalous transgression of class barriers which is really a question of incest." "Really" allows her to make a unity out of what is in fact multiplicity, to achieve coherence at the price of sense. "The Snow Ball," which could have been a touching story about love offered and rejected, is weakened by its unconvincing psychoanalytic assessments of some personages in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and by touches of character that seem to come from textbooks. About "The Finishing Touch," the less said the better. It is intended as a naughty joke about Lesbian loves at a girls' school, but it doesn't come off. As a matter of fact, though all three of these Brophy works have enchantingly funny surfaces, their obsession makes them at bottom humorless.

I did not mean to dismiss "really" quite so casually; the simplifying concept that what everything "really" is is ideas or numbers or atoms is the beginning of philosophy, and I do think Miss Brophy is making a respectable endeavor at philosophizing. Still, a philosophical explanation should clarify as well as simplify, and I scarcely think that Miss Brophy's description of the Enlightenment as "quintessentially a rebellion of sons against fathers," which "knocked . . . down . . . the father-figures of Christendom" and thereupon found itself haunted by "the uncontemplatable punishment of castration," is clarification. One might as well, using the same cant, describe the Enlightenment as "really" a great effort at togetherness, at making Father the rational, approachable God who created Newton's universe, and father figures, such as kings, into benevolent despots or constitutional monarchs. For the chances are that not every drama, whether historical or theatrical, is "Oedipus," even though Miss Brophy thinks that "Don Giovanni" and "Hamlet" are.

What is wonderful Mozart doing in Miss Brophy's gallery of gummy abstractions? Well, Miss Brophy thinks he is not only the greatest opera composer of the eighteenth century (and ever after) but the best expositor, in his operas, of that century's psychosexual problems. These, she believes, matter to us; I am not so certain. I doubt that we profit from Miss Brophy's suggestions about Mozart's operas: say, that Cherubino, the love-happy adolescent page in "Figaro," is really a phallus. Our sexuality, like our faces, goes wherever we go, but when we go to the opera, we are after an essentially musical experience. Mozart provides the score, and we can talk to our analysts some other time. Miss Brophy praises Mozart as a psychologist; she might as well praise Joan of Arc for her cooking.

Good sense (as well as charm) is mixed in with her nonsense. She argues well that psychology cannot destroy art by explaining it away, and wouldn't if it could. She does not realize, though, that the psychology of art is not art, or even criticism, but psychology. As a critic, in "Mozart the Dramatist," she bases her judgment of artistic value almost entirely on how well a work of art handles the psychological ideas she's interested in. As an artist, in "The Snow Ball," she reverses her critical process and builds her characters around these ideas, which protrude distractingly. Consider two of the women in the novel, both actively heterosexual, who are great friends; Miss Brophy suggests a homosexual element in their intimacy by telling us that they have been married to the same man. And for anyone who majored in history rather than psychology, she gives one other clue: the older, duller, dumpier, but richer of the two women attends an eighteenth-century masquerade as Queen Anne. That is no way to write fiction. I am not a qualified psychologist or psychoanalyst, but I suspect that a consensus of



learned doctors might, if I may write their libretto, advise Miss Brophy to

Trust your own unconscious,
your own imaginative powers.
Write your own books, don't
rewrite ours.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HALF-WAY TO THE MOON: NEW WRITING FROM RUSSIA, edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). For a brief period between 1960 and 1963, Russian literature erupted in an atmosphere of relative freedom. In the West, the poems of Evgeni Evtushenko are probably the best-known expressions of this momentary illumination of contemporary Russian life. Then, in 1963, Khrushchev ordered a crackdown on the new literature, and Evtushenko, among others, was forced into an almost Galilean recantation. Most of his colleagues and contemporaries are quite unknown here, which is a pity, as this wonderful collection of their short stories and poems shows. The Russian writer Tvardovsky is quoted in the introduction as saying, "In art and literature, as in love, one can lie only for a while; sooner or later comes the time to tell the truth," and the "truth" is everywhere in these stories and poems—not only the truth as revealed explicitly in the frank criticism of shortcomings in Soviet life but the truth as revealed implicitly by the sort of things that are simply set down casually. For example, in "Half-Way to the Moon," a fantasy by Vasili Aksyonov about a young Russian who falls in love with an airline hostess and spends all his savings flying back and forth on jets between Moscow and Khabarovsk in the hope that he will see her again, one learns what it is like to be a passenger on a Russian jet, what the pilots say to the passengers, what the passengers say to each other, what Russian airlines are like. In short, we find ourselves on the inside of Russian life looking out. The stories and poems have been vividly translated.

GENERAL

WILSON: CONFUSIONS AND CRISES, 1915-16, by Arthur S. Link (Princeton). This, the fourth volume of what is obviously to be the definitive biography of Woodrow Wilson,

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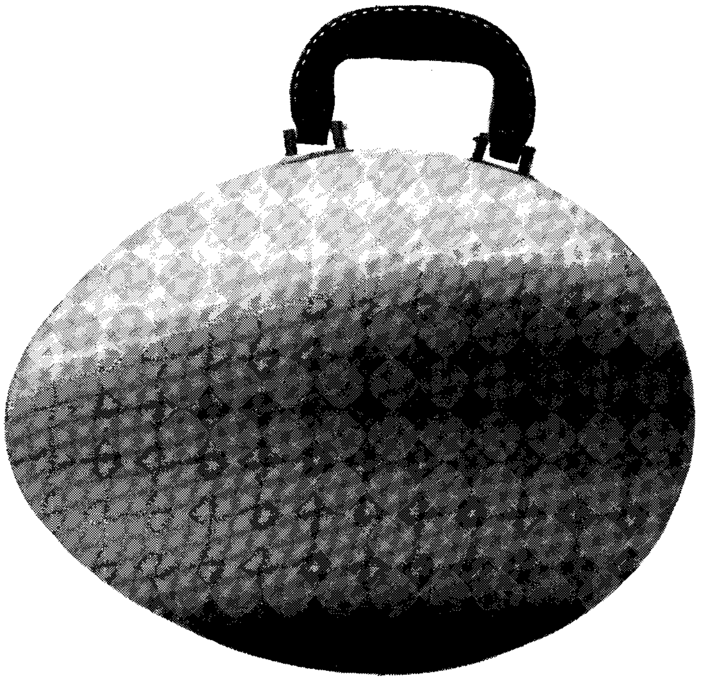

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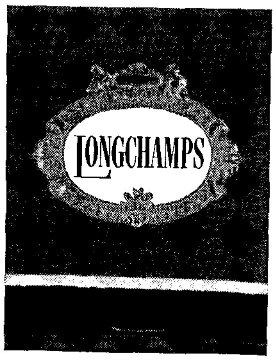

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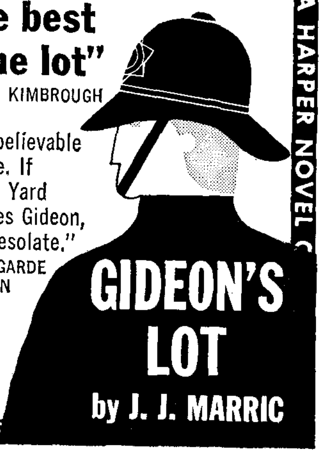

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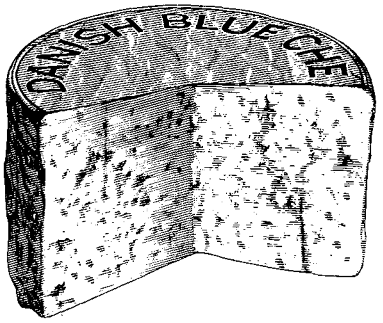

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is a rather dull and vexing one, through no fault of either the author or his subject. The period was one of equivocation—of bickering with Congress over preparedness and the arming of our ships, of the Mexican nuisance, and of the strange and unrealistic bargaining that went on between the American and the German governments about the technicalities of submarine warfare. The one solid achievement of the period, from the point of view of Wilson and his New Freedom, was the hard-won acceptance of Louis D. Brandeis as a Justice of the Supreme Court, and about the only human drama that relieved the drabness was the President's rather embarrassing courtship of Mrs. Galt and their subsequent marriage. In the next volume, things should look up, what with the elections of 1916 and our entrance into the war that he kept us out of. Illustrations.

THE KAISER AND HIS TIMES, by Michael Balfour (Houghton Mifflin). An elegant, sensible biography of Kaiser Wilhelm II that shows how his bizarre character was formed, how he came to power, and some of the consequences, nearly all disastrous—of his rule. The book is big, scholarly, and a great pleasure to read. Mr. Balfour, an Englishman, is a witty writer, and if ever a story needed graceful telling, this one does. His temper is good, and his kind judgment—that Wilhelm was less a villain than an anachronism—is undoubtedly correct.

THE FOUNDING FATHER: THE STORY OF JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, by Richard J. Whalen (New American Library). An exemplary biography of a man who made himself a multimillionaire and a figure in national and international politics and became the father of one President and two senators. One does not get the impression that Joseph P. Kennedy, a nonpareil of energy and shrewdness, who must often have felt triumphant, can often have been happy. This is perhaps not surprising, since his implausible goal—the *transformation* of a family of Boston Irish into a family of Boston Brahmins—demanded unremitting push. The mere chronicle of his activities would fatigue the reader, except that Mr. Whalen paces the story well, conveying the strengths and weaknesses of this remarkable person with judiciousness. He explains why Kennedy was a first-class

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chairman of the brand-new S.E.C. and a deplorable Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Whalen also makes it clear that if Kennedy's greatest success has been fatherhood, this is no accident; to be a patriarch was always his plan.

LAND OF THE HIGH FLAGS, by Rosanne Klass (Random House). The author, who comes from Cedar Rapids, worked at a boarding school for boys in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, from 1951 to 1954, and this book is an account—a travel memoir, in her phrase—of that experience. It is an unusual piece of work. Miss Klass is an interesting woman, and an American abroad of whom we can be wholeheartedly proud—intelligent, observant, receptive, cosmopolitan. She is also an interesting writer, gifted with insight ("There are times when to explain everything is to leave it all diminished. It is not always wise to tamper with other people's dreams—nor, sometimes, with their nightmares, either") and a vivid graphic sense ("They [the students] looked at the book as a dog looks at a bone, their eyes unwaveringly focused on it; the sight-lines were almost visible, as in a diagram of perspective"), and every experience she offers us—of people or place or weather—is received and fully shared. Photographs and a map.

THE REMINISCENCES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW, abridged and with an introduction by John Raymond (Viking). Captain Gronow, a gentleman of Welsh ancestry, was, at various times in his life (1794-1865), an active Army officer, a man about at least two towns (Paris and London), a bankrupt, and a Liberal Member of Parliament. All this made him something of an authority on the half century of high-jinks social history he lived through. These anecdotes deal with quite a few major events—among them Waterloo and the French Revolution of 1848—at which Gronow was present. His information is most convincing, and he is practically irreplaceable in telling about such lesser matters as the attractions of several Regency gambling hells, English and French theatrical performances, and some duels and their management (at its best and worst). He does marvellous sketches of odd or striking figures of English and French society. Some, like Wellington, the Prince Regent, and Gronow's schoolmate Shelley

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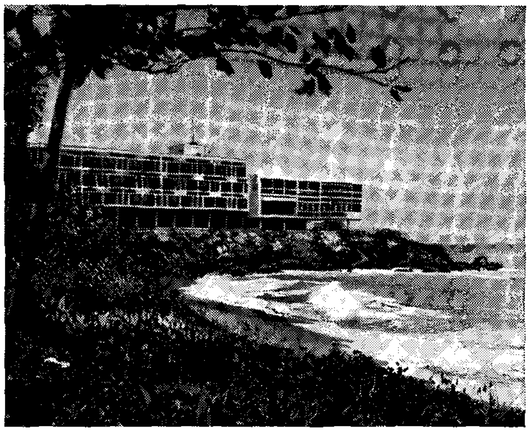

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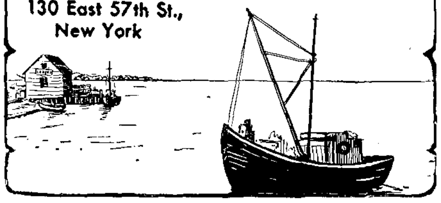

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are still famous; others—a stony-broke Duke of Marlborough, for instance—merely have famous names; and still others, both obscure and forgotten, are simply vastly entertaining lords and ladies.

THE WAYS OF LOVE: ELEVEN ROMANCES OF MEDIEVAL FRANCE, translated and edited by Norma Lorre Goodrich (Beacon). This work of scholarship and artistry has been gussied up with a slipcase and decorated like one of those "fine books" of the nineteen-twenties—that is, disguised as something to be given, not read. Nonetheless, it is a first-rate collection that makes available some permanently entertaining old narratives, among them a Grail story and a version of Lohengrin tacked on to the genealogy of the Crusader Godefroy de Bouillon. The translator deserves special praise for catching the individuality of the different writers across the better part of a millennium.

TOXIQUE, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Frances Frenaye, with illustrations by Bernard Buffet (Dutton). Although Bernard Buffet's illustrations are not very good, and although there is hardly any substance at all to Miss Sagan's account of her nine days' detoxification from a morphine habit acquired after her near-fatal automobile accident, there is an indescribable charm about this picture book. Perhaps it is Miss Sagan's lovely, understated prose, which makes even her flimsiest writings seem worth reading.

•

Violinist Catharina Meintz, 19-year-old cellist from Hinsdale, won a $600 prize at the National Auditions for Strings in Washington, D.C.—*Chicago Daily News.*

She got A for agility.

•

While there he obtained seven Kodiak bears to be mounted and graduated from the University "in absentia."—*Boulder (Colo.) Camera.*

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